



**BACK TO TITANIC:
JAMES CAMERON'S
DANGEROUS OBSESSION**

**NASCAR: LOUD,
TRASHY AND
LOVED UP HERE**

**CANADA
DAY
DOUBLE
ISSUE**

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

JULY 1 2005

27

**REASONS TO
CELEBRATE
JULY 1**

**Pop Shoppe is back.
So is sasquatch.
And Paul Anka, too
(crooning grunge, baby!)**

**VIMY:
A WAR
MEMORIAL
THAT KEEPS
ON KILLING**

**GEORGE W.
SENDS ONE
OF HIS OWN
TO OTTAWA**

**MANNING AND
ROMANOW:
DUELLING
BOYHOODS**

**BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS
FROM FOX
NEWS**

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SHOULDN'T SOMEONE HELP FIND OUR CAR WHEN THE BAD GUYS STEAL IT?

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The author of *Right*

Club discusses his

new book: the

Germans brothers'

Seth and what

makes a good story

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGG DEAN/REUTERS; PHOTO BY GREGG DEAN/REUTERS

'I am 75 and my health depends on luck, my willingness to do and eat healthy things, and the amount of exercise I take. My health is my responsibility.'

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No quick fixes

I was thoroughly disgusted with the subject of your June 20 story, "You may really be your mental imposter?" (Cover) about so-called "mild psychosis" or acute stress disorder, mania, depression, and anxiety disorders, which can be used by healthy people to mask their inner skills or their mental agility. After suffering from depression for years, I was advised by my doctor, my family and a psychiatricologist to take antidepressants in addition to going to therapy. This was no quick fix but almost a life saver.

Anna Mueller, Vancouver

For what ails us

In private health care the right answer ("Think ing the tabs," Health Care, June 26) Dr. Hays in the public system and largely the consequence of a shortage of doctors, nurses and technicians. Private health care will not solve this problem. It is up to our colleges and universities to produce more health professionals to provide all Canadians, regardless of income, with high quality and timely care. Louis Mente, Ottawa

The private system, in all the countries where it exists alongside a public system, cherry-picks the less complex and more lucrative cases, higher risk and more complex patients are relegated to the public system, increasing the average per patient costs of the public system by simple manipulation of the data. Furthermore, the pressures for further privatization come from the same people who pushed for the tax cuts and budget cuts that created this situation in the first place. For example, wait lists in Alberta were not an issue until the Klein cuts of the mid-1990s slashed capacity in the system to the bone.

Gerard M. Macdonald, R.N., Grande Prairie, Alta.

In referring to Britain's National Health Service and a so-called "private" system, apparently as a nearby model for our future two-tier health care system ("No and to the party line," Envy, June 24), Dr. David Granger demonstrates a lack of knowledge of the



dire straits of the health care system in Britain. As many can attest from personal experience there, the same doctor as the same hospital will give you the operation tomorrow if you or your private insurance will pay, but make you wait weeks or months if you are only covered by the NHS. Eugene Sklar, Toronto

Loss in the debate over health care privatization is the fact that many services are already private. Examples include dentistry, physiotherapy and nutritional services. Those very are the dearest services, however they do fall within the health care system. It is time to stop arguing about this point. We must concentrate on how to shape the best health care system, both public and private. Scott Vesilak, Kingston, Ont.

Our present public health care system resembles a chain of emergency food hospitals in a war zone. These administer palliative care to the dying, regardless of the cost of the pain for a lot of others, and random medicine to the fortunate few who, through pure luck or because they know some key person, find themselves near the head of the line. People who say they would rather die than see a two-tier health system are usually those who have never been

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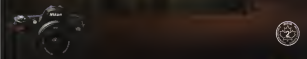
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Amaze them with the new

really ill), or they are ideologues who would rather see a million people die prematurely than give Canadians the right to spend their own money to prolong their own lives. A two-tier system could benefit all Canadians if federal and provincial legislation rigidly enforced profit limits for health care insurers, updated the guidelines by which judges award malpractice damages, and brought it home: the cold the hundreds of foreign-trained health care workers now being forced to drive taxis and serve hamburgers.

Gerald Wright, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Cheap shots, bad hair, Book Page

The article about Catherine Nugent ("Dumbest crown?" Society, June 28) being down on her luck was a cheap shot. Most of us have our ups and downs and Nugent is no exception. I'm glad to hear she is out there doing something for the good of our city.

Janet Hendry, Toronto

In Rosemary Scott's piece on Catherine Nugent the following line appears: "Catherine has been heard to drop a reference to her friends Conrad Black and Barbara Amiel sending a plane for her to spend the week end with them." Whether motivated by the *Wall Street Journal*, by her anonymous source, or such incident over such place, I would have taken a fact checker or phone call to establish that Conrad and Barbara sending a plane for Nugent was a signpost of somebody's irrational bias—or malice.

Barbara Amiel, London

Your article on Catherine Nugent sets a new low. Also, we don't really care that Belinda Stinson cut three inches off her hair.

Murray Fines, Regina

Ever since the *Fort* raised from The Back Page I have felt that Maclean's has gone downhill. Lately, the magazine has become just another one of the mail delivery blabber. In your April 18 issue, the Belinda Stinson cover story "Belinda's billion" — short and all-made me wonder whether I would renew my subscription. More about Belinda in a subsequent issue? "Belinda in Power: the whole story" (Cover, May 26) resulted in the promise to myself that I would not renew if one more piece appeared. Well, you did



Everyone has ups and downs, including Nugent, a reader writes.

it with "Belinda's post-breakup look" (Style, June 26). So, when it's been a slice.

Paul Skilling, Durban, B.C.

I want to say thanks to Paul Wells for making The Back Page interesting. We have been subscribers for many years and we always used to read the back page line when Allan Fotheringham wrote it. We still miss his wit, but now we have gone over the latest reading the back page first—again—because of Wells's interesting slant on things.

Bill Forsyth, Kelowna, B.C.

Devin's and fossil fuels

Since, as Steve Much writes in "Alberta is about to get wildly rich and powerful, what will happen to Canada?" (Cover, June 13), the Bush administration is determined to

study the U.S. threat for affordable fuel, the Martin administration should flex whatever muscle it has and tell the Americans this. For every barrel of petroleum shipped south, they have to buy one Canadian cow. If B-CALF doesn't like this one

he, they can go back to those down wages.

Christian Dylla,
Ottawa, Ont.

Oil's a dead end. Production cannot meet demand. The rapidities our governments receive from the six suns and other fossil-fuel developments must be invested in renewable energy forms immediately to ensure that we still have some energy when oil (and natural gas) prices make our current lifestyles impossible. Your readers would be better served understanding why we must plan for it.

Life beyond oil instead of how a few people in Alberta will get rich in the last days of oil's dominance.

Curta Wolfe, Virginia

Good sense and true grit

In Peter Koppelman's interview with former Unesco director-general Václav Havel (The Mailer's interview, June 26), the Latvian president answers a question about Moscow trying to affect the policy of his neighbours by saying, "some countries because of their size or economic weight or military power, [have] a colonial attitude toward their immediate neighbours." No Canadian with any inkling of the realities of international politics could fail to interpret that answer in terms of the U.S. and the cost of us. It's a pity Václav Havel didn't say in Canada and ask political officers: She has the sense to see the world as it is, and the courage to speak out.

R. W. Laidlaw, Kelowna, B.C.

Swimming with sharks

In "Not what they seem" (Barsting, June 22), the well-connected Liberal entrepreneur Cathy Freeman admits that her business does "very little knock-out" and affirms later that goods are brought in from New York. It must be nice to be married to an Ontario MP, and be seen in law to both



If life were like that, you wouldn't need a Visa card. For car repairs.



the former premier of Ontario and the new federal minister of international trade. I think that the Frontier Islands, the bleak and dangerous place that Brian Keirney writes about in his story about *The Devil's Birth* ("Shark dreams," Books, June 20) would be a great spot for politicians and thieves to conduct meetings. They could take long strolls in the Pacific with great white.

David Melnick, Belleville, Ont.

Premises, promises

So the Liberals are alleged to have lured Conservative MP Norman Gensel with some lucrative goodies (Polson, Up Front, June 6). Big deal! Bringing in votes is as old a democracy as all parties do it before and after elections with promises or real assistance to their constituents, opponents and financial backers. The real question is: why did Gensel actually tape the conversation? Did he do it to improve his image with his own party? Or was

it that he really worried national attention? **Loisbeth Roberts**, Edmonton

The whole dirty story of manipulation and scandal to further either yourself or any party's short-term interests is most distasteful, and absolutely no one from either side deserves smelling like roses. MPs get back to what you were elected to do—the governing of a great nation—and spend less time on your own interests. **Doreilly Henderson**, St. John's, Nfld.

Rain, rain, go away

Regarding your June 20 piece on big floods and the rainfall in Barrie, Ont. (Up Front, Canada), you say "100 cm of rain fell in about 30 minutes." Let's say a centimeter is one-hundredth of a meter. One hundred centimeters would be one meter. That's pretty wet, all right! **G.F. Bath**, Peterborough, Ont.

MACLEAN'S 100 | FROM OUR PAGES

Without interprovincial tensions, would it truly be Canada?

AS THE NATION PREPARES to fire up the grill and relax on this Canada Day weekend, it's telling to note that interprovincial tensions have often cast a shadow over this idyllic time of year. In 1937, for instance, Canada was half-a-century old and at war. Confederation jubilee messages from the premiers of Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia appeared in the July issue of *Maclean's*—which, incidentally, featured a cover by future Group of Seven artist J. E. H. MacDonald. Ontario's Sir William Massey and B.C.'s H. G. Brewster praised Canada's participation in what Brewster called "the world's greatest war"; Quebec's Sir Louis Gouin referred only to "the crushing atmosphere of mourning which now weighs so heavily upon our country."

Fifty years later, Canada's centennial celebrations and all the people associated with Montreal's Expo-67 could not conceal a rising tide of discontent in Quebec. In July, *Maclean's* ran a profile of Pierre Bourgault, leader of Quebec's *Association pour l'indépendance québécoise*, a forerunner of the Parti Québécois. The headline: "Is this man already the most dangerous politician in Canada?"

And July 1969? The Meech Lake Accord, calling for the provinces to accept Quebec's conditions for joining the 1982 Constitution Act, was newly kiosk, Newfoundland and Manitoba knowing full well it, New, 25 years later, the country is split intact, but national unity seems certain to remain a national preoccupation. Happy Canada Day from *Maclean's*. — Patrick Nadeau

Maclean's July 1937 cover

From Our Pages celebrates Maclean's centenary

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We think there are 4 ways to keep cool this summer.

1 Your own page and foot



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UPFRONT



Flood | Venice in Drumheller as Alberta gets really wet

After nearly two weeks of rampant flooding and crisis warnings, western Alberta is beginning to dry out. But Mother Nature still seems to have a few spells up her sleeve. A tornado watch was in effect as swarms churned through the day over three communities south of Calgary. The worst hazard conditions also brought out a barrage of hailstones—and heavy winds that ranged as far east as Manitoba, downing trees and power lines and even tanking over balconies in their fury. Torrential rains nearly drowned Drumheller and nearby communities in Alberta's southern badlands and led to Calgary's first-ever local state of emergency. The only damage report as early as four flood-related deaths—one who'd driven critical after working to avoid a crowd that was over-watching on a bridge—and property losses at the \$300-million range.

That amount makes this flood about twice as bad as last year's Alberta's last big deluge in 1995, and it's not over yet. Waters from the swollen North and South Saskatchewan rivers were converging in northeastern Saskatchewan,

and Alberta's front lines in Drumheller. Cindy Volk inhales a gasp, blown into her yard in Hobbrough, Man.

When communities like Camberland House have begun evacuating roadblocks. From there it will be on to The Hills in Manitoba, where waterways were bracing for what they could be the highest water levels in 40 years.



Quote of the week | 'There's no use in your prime minister coming to Scotland unless he is prepared to do this deal.' A second angry Irish rocker.

ROE SELLOR follows Boris's lead and tells Paul Martin to put more of Canada's money into foreign aid at the G8 summit.

ScoreCard



JUDY SORO
Effect report shows ex-minister's office dodged out major wins in liberal ridings and to her own election winners. She claims re-election but report shows connections can buy only. Call in border-line complaints.



LEBANON, PA.
Or is it Lebanon, PA? Sick of sickers whining about backyard smelt, county plans shift of realty and estate brochures scented with scratch 'n' sniff marmos. Residents, annoyed at leavely-taking bonanza, think idea stinks.



21 CLUB
Three waters get push from York voters, claiming they were forced for being French. Shocks. Thinking back to all these meals when French waiters added a candle to the table as the waiter's desk to the evening, one can only ask, why has no one thought of this before?



GAMBLING
Provençal giving a \$1-billion industry. The result: dependency, law, crime. Time for a ban until resolved shown. So, promoters, no more until you stop squandering the take.

WORLD

LIBANON The reformer son of assassinated former prime minister Rafik al-Hariri, won a majority in the Lebanese parliament, in the first election in decades without Syrian troops present. The elections also produced a large bloc of anti-Israeli Hezbollah legislators from the south and a distinct Christian contingent. And the mood is still tense: a prominent anti-Syrian politician was killed by car bombs in Beirut, the third assassination since al-Hariri's in February.

KIDNAPPING Cambodian authorities have charged seven men over the hostage-taking incident that resulted in the death of a two-year-old Canadian boy, Martin Mirabel, at an international school in Siem Reap. Apart from the four gunmen who terrorized the 30 students, a security guard from the school has been charged as an accomplice, as has a man who allegedly sold the hostage taken a backpack.

THE KLAN A bizarre rally in Philadelphia, Mass., crowned former Ku Klux Klansman and part-time preacher Edgar Wilton, 80, of Maryland as the 1964 double of three civil rights workers. The subject of the film *The Long Walk Home*, the event has been seen as a racial warning point in the South. Wilton had been charged with murder, but the lesser verdict came as the state could only prove



CANDLES IN THE SEA A service was held, speakers made and candles floated off the coast of Alaska, in April, where Aloha 333 went down 29 years ago. Moved apart by a bomb planted in Canada, Pearl Harbor had been devoted this year's ceremony, given by the state to the families of the 30 victims to be compensated in a public inquiry following the wreckage of two ships, caused by the crime.

included a hand in ordering the double and the point of the bodies. Still, he was given the same status: 60 years in prison.

OL World's prices soared to US\$440 a barrel as in North Americans were readying the family car for summer vacations. The oil

dispute was blamed on tight global supply and tension in Nigeria, originally to protect Canadian about supply was especially heightened in the U.S., where a Chinese energy giant made an announced US\$18.5 billion bid for Unocal Corp., a California-based oil company. If successful, it would be the largest by far in a series of recent corporate takeovers by Chinese firms.

The high price also led Air Canada and Westjet to announce they would be increasing domestic fares because of the high cost of fuel. Air Canada was also forced to cancel a huge US\$6 billion contract to buy 32 new passenger airplanes from Boeing after the airline's pilots refused to study the deal. Under Air Canada's latest contract, pilots must stay near aircraft gates, and they were reportedly still angry with the airline over security issues.

WHALES More bad news for some of the world's biggest mammals: Japan is voting to ignore a vote against it at the International Whaling Commission and continue hunting minke whales "for research purposes" in Atlantic waters. In fact, Japan is according to double its minke catch from 400

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BY MICHAEL DE ADONIS



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to more than 800 whales and extend an Antarctic program to catch humpback and fin whales, the latest in endangered species

ANGELICANS In a close 30-28 vote, Anglican Church leaders meeting in Britain went along with the proposal by conservative clerics from Africa and Asia to exclude Canadian and U.S. Anglicans from their international church's key decision-making body for three years. The reason: their liberal attitudes toward homosexuality.

HEALTH | SCIENCE

REPRODUCTION British scientists have manipulated embryonic stem cells—the body's basic building blocks—into the early stages of both sperm and eggs. The breakthrough could help infertile couples whose ovaries or testes have been damaged in some way. In theory, it also means same-sex couples or even singles could reproduce by using adult stem cells to create either the egg or sperm needed for conception.

BIRD flu China promised to stop using the human anti-flu drug oseltamivir on poultry in an attempt to halt the violent bird flu rampage through Asia. International health officials fear new strains could develop resistance to the drug and that this would be a problem if the virus jumps the species barrier to infect humans.

GRAPEFRUIT Ladies, forget the Chard if you'd like to appear younger to men, and dose yourself with grapefruit juice. The Seattle & Time Transcendental Research Foundation of Chicago discovered that when the scent of grapefruit was in the air, women look an average six years younger to men. The reverse, alas, is not true.

CANADA

ETHICS Conservative MP Gurnam Grewal was "vindicated" and guilty of "no error in judgment" but not a "victim of interest" when he requested denials to provide financial guarantees in order to get his support for their friends or relatives seeking visitor visas, ethics commissioner Bernard Shapiro ruled. No financial bonds were ever purchased and no fee was charged by Grewal's office, Shapiro concluded.



FAILED MARTYR

Wife of 18 as trial as she was stopped by Israeli guards at a G-8 checkpoint and the explosives hidden in her undergarments fail. To go off, Signo—sensitively as well—in a cooking accident five months ago, she is 21, was rejecting to level for treatment and was not asking to blow herself up in a hospital.

Former Liberal immigration minister Judy Signo didn't come off so well. The ex-minister, who pronounced herself vindicated earlier this year on the basis of a preliminary report, was found to have handed out special visas to friends and relatives of campaign volunteers during the 2004 election. Most of this was done by staff, but the ethics commissioner concluded Signo had at least some knowledge of what was going on.

ROSDIG Junior Rosillo, the 46-year-old Alameda man who ambushed and killed four

Mounties in March, was shot twice by police during the incident—in the hand and thigh—before turning his assault rifle on himself. A leaked autopsy report, obtained by the CBC, concluded his rifle shot to the chest was the fatal wound; it also said Rosillo was wearing two pairs of pants, five layers of shirts and jackets, and black socks over his boots when he died.

PET SCANS Ontario is "scientifically" keeping cancer patients from the work involved in diagnostic care—positron emission tomography or PET scans—the head of the Ontario Association of Nuclear Medicine said. Other provinces fund PETs for tracking the size and scope of

tumours. But Ontario only allows them for a small number of patients enrolled in clinical trials, as it continues what doctors say is an overly long process of evaluation.

FAKE DRUGS The Ontario College of Pharmacists wants to shut a Hamilton pharmacy—and is referring its owner to disciplinary hearings—six investigators allege counterfeit sold when it believed to be fake blood pressure medication. The owner's office is looking into the death of five heart patients who bought their prescriptions at the pharmacy.

BANISTERS It will be a huge leap in law. Lawyers, from ones, territorial Leader Paul Okalik, a colonel, if all 11 members of a government of law students go on to pass their bar exams. A joint venture between Northern Ontario College and the University of Victoria, which saw law professors travel to lecture for classes, this one-time program was designed to give the territory more professional expertise rooted in native culture.



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Mansbridge on the Record



ANOTHER QUAGMIRE

George W. Bush will have a tough time rekindling support for his Iraq mission

YOU HAVE TO hand it to the Americans: they know better than anyone how to take ordinary people and make them overnight icons. They did it again last week with a group of young soldiers, former soldiers actually, home from Iraq. Had they been on the front lines fighting the insurgents? No, far from it. They'd been sitting in relative safety outside Saddam Hussein's jail cell, waiting in, it seems, the Kaitum Brain the former dictator wanted for breakfast. From our media overview to another, the men recounted what they'd witnessed. Apparently, the former Iraqi dictator has a pretty good—he gets the food he wants, the books he likes and a seemingly endless supply of cigars. Mind you, he does have to do his own laundry, but at least he's got water for that—real here of the former citizens, "liberated" from his repressive rule for two years now, still don't have fresh water, or the peace required for normal lives. Central Iraq, where more than half the population lives, continues to slide toward hell. Or so say most of those reporting on the scene.

But not Dick Cheney. The man who in 2003 predicted Iraqis would welcome U.S. troops at their doors now says his most recent intelligence is that those poor Iraqis are in their "last throes."

“The central part of the country where more than half the population lives, continues in a slide toward hell.”

Tell that to the American soldiers who keep seeing their buddies getting ripped into body bags. And tell that to the families of those boys who keep being blown up after ending up working as oil-fielders in the country's new police force. Or the innocent civilians caught in the crossfire. Since the U.S. vice president made his

latest comment, hundreds of Iraqis have died in suicide car bombs and other attacks. Rick Warren of Cheney has reached new levels—the other night on *The Daily Show*, Jon Stewart said it was clearly time for Cheney to “kick back, relax and launch a massive counter-emergency operation” (which has happened). To look for people “who, I would remind you, are in their last throes.”

And the Bush administration wonders why support for the Iraq mission is falling. In fact, surveys suggest most Americans now want the troops brought home. There's talk that George W. Bush is considering a new televised speech to the nation to try to change that. If he does, it will have to be the performance of a lifetime, because the Iraq war costs—winning the initial war, capturing Saddam and organizing relatively free elections—have faded into distant memories. Will he point to Afghanistan as an example of where things have gone right? If he does, he'd better point quickly: there is growing concern that things are starting to unravel there, too, as Taliban and al-Qaeda forces re-emerge with bombings and suicide attacks. Could Afghanistan actually fall back into the hands of those who used to provide a haven for Osama bin Laden? Seems so unlikely, but as Afghan President Hamid Karzai told me a year ago, if the U.S., Canada and their allies abandon the place, then the past four years will have achieved nothing.

Meanwhile, back on his Iraq cell, Saddam seemed to be writing poetry. Probably about fancy new palaces, because his former jailer says he doesn't just dream of making a come-back—he's convinced he will. This alone may inspire Bush to find the words to convince a nation that what he's asking it to do is still a just and noble cause.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television news and anchor of *The National*. To comment, let's@petermansbridge.com

Passages

AILING Michel Tremblay, the award-winning Quebec playwright and screenwriter, has been diagnosed with throat cancer. The 63-year-old Tremblay will be undergoing treatment this summer.

APPOINTED Former press secretary Karen Kain, 54, will be the new artistic director of the National Ballet of Canada, replacing James Kudrka, who is stepping aside to be a full-time choreographer. Kain joined the company in 1996, shot to stardom shortly after and has stayed involved in administrative and teaching roles.



APPOINTED David Wilson, 60, vice-chairman of the Bank of Nova Scotia and a long-time investment banker, was named the new head of the Ontario Securities Commission, the province's largest regulatory watchdog. It's the first time in years the province has gone outside the legal profession for the top owner's job.

DIED Sam Drover, one of two surviving members of Newfoundland's first provincial government, died at 93. Drover was a member of Jerry Seid's Liberal Party but had a falling-out with the premier and left in 1955 to sit as the only member of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which later became the NDP.

GRADUATED With his M.A. in geography from Scotland's St. Andrew's University, Prince Williams, 23, is now the most academically accomplished British royal. Second in line to the throne, he is off to spend part of the summer working in London's financial district.



DIED He was the impression and deal-maker behind popular reveals that uncashed two presidents. The Philadelphia "venerable" of Corbello's, Julius Sieb, died of a heart attack after a long illness. He was 76.



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THE GATHERING STORM

A controversial Conservative initiative should blow the child care debate wide open, JOHN GEDDES reports

THE FEDERAL government's stance on the modern family is shaping up to be a hot issue in the next election, but not for the reason you might think. While same-sex marriage has dominated public debate lately, a clash between Liberals and Conservatives over child care could emerge as a bigger issue by the time of the next campaign, likely in early 2006. After all, like it or not, the courts largely took charge of the marriage question with rulings that, so far, make gay and lesbian marriage legal in seven provinces. But politicians, not judges, will decide how Ottawa should help out parents raising children. The Liberals made childhood strategy a major thrust in last year's election, and are pressing ahead with their promised \$5 billion, five-year program to boost regulated day care. Now, Michael's law has learned that the Tories are preparing to counter punch with an even costlier proposal that they say would offer parents far greater choice.

The issue pits a high-profile Liberal cabinet member against his rising star Conservative critic. Social Development Minister Ken Dryden, legendary as a former NHL goalie, is the architect of 27 of Martin's early childhood policy, and a favourite of the Prime Minister and his inner circle. Edmonston MP Ron Ambrose has taken the lead in designing a Conservative alternative, and she is joined by Stephen Harper's advisers as one of the next generation of Tory bright lights. Friction between Dryden, 57, and Ambrose, 36, made headlines earlier this year when she suggested in the House that he represented a fading generation of "old show boys" trying to cling to outdated views for day care on young mothers. In an interview with Maclean's, Ambrose said she's on more cordial terms with Dryden these days—but the new policy she's working on puts the two, and their parties, on a collision course.

Perhaps surprisingly, Ambrose said the Conservative plan would cost "a lot more money, frankly," than the Liberal program. The Conservatives will propose direct pay-

ments to all parents, combined with new tax incentives for corporations to expand day care in the workplace. Ambrose wouldn't say how much parents would get under the new social program, promising the details will be made public when Harper formally announces the scheme sometime in the next few weeks. But she defended the core strategy of giving parents money to spend however they like. By funneling money to the provinces only for regulated day care, she argued, the Liberals are doing nothing for stay-at-home parents, or for working moms and dads who leave young children with relatives or in unregulated care. "The only equitable way," she



"THE only equitable way to address this issue is to give the benefit directly to parents in the form of cash"

only universal way, to address this issue is to give the benefit directly to parents in the form of cash," Ambrose said.

Dryden is a staunch champion of subsidizing regulated centers as the backbone of a nationwide day care and early-learning system. In a major speech last fall, he said only regulated care can reliably deliver high standards for health and safety, staff training, ratios of caregivers to kids, and other

Ambrose suggested Dryden represents the views of a generation of "old white guys"

elements that are key to early childhood development. But he didn't quite claim that parents are clamoring for national day care, which he says would rival public education or medicine in its impact on society. Instead, Dryden suggests that creating such a system would generate demand from parents—fostering governments to keep expanding it. "More spaces, higher quality, higher expectations and ambitions, a bigger and growing public appetite, building the pressure on each level of government, to reinforce the commitment implicit in building a system," he said. "We need to paint ourselves into a corner because if it's a corner we want to be in and need to be in."

But Dryden has found it difficult to cast some provincial politicians there with him. He tried to negotiate a national agreement with all the provinces earlier this year, but failed. Since then, he has struck bilateral deals with five provinces, and is trying to hammer out similar pacts with the remaining five. But some are demanding more flexibility than Ottawa is inclined to allow. New Brunswick, for instance, wants to use some federal funding to support stay-at-home parents and autism programs—not just the regulated centers favoured by the feds. And Alberta Children's Services Minister Heather Forsyth said she has a verbal agreement with Dryden that would allow her province to spend its share of the federal funding on a wide range of options for parents, even including support for relatives who sometimes care for children in rural communities where day care isn't readily available. "Right from the beginning," Forsyth said, "we advocated choice for parents."

The Tories' plan would let federal provincial arrangements by giving parents the money and letting them decide where it would go. Current trends suggest many would not spend it buying regulated day care. A Statistics Canada report in February found that 47 per cent of kids from six months to five years old have a stay-at-home parent. And

among the rest, institutional day care is not the largest or fastest-growing alternative, care by relatives is. Of children being taken care of by somebody other than a mom or dad, 31.5 per cent were with a relative, up 41 per cent over six years. That compares to 25 per cent who are in day care centers, up 24 per cent in the same period.

Ambrosed choosing relatives to provide care is particularly important to many immigrants. "We find this a lot with people from Chinese communities," she said. "They want their kids to stay home for the first

Control to the debate are children better off with relatives or in institutional day care?

few years with grandparents and cousins who speak, let's say, Punjabi. It's often the children's only opportunity to learn a language and culture." She added, though, that the Conservative plan would also try to stimulate creation of day care centres and spaces—through business tax breaks, instead of transfers to provinces. "Our basic thrust is to offer capital cost write-offs and tax incentives to large workplaces and employers

will create day care facilities on-site," Ambrose said. "It's an opportunity to work with employers to build infrastructure."

It's shaping up to be a classic ideological battle. The Liberals are struggling to build a system based on government subsidies and regulation. The Conservatives are working on a competing concept that would rely on individual choice and business incentives. Same-sex marriage may be generating more noise for now, but child care could turn into the family values policy test that matters most in the next election. □



AN ANGLOPHILE SEPARATIST

Mayor Jean Paul L'allier is as full of contradictions as the city he governs, writes BENOIT AUBIN

THE NEWLY CREATED little city square is called the Scottish Causeway. If you look a little north from there to McMahon Street, you see the Citadelle dominated by the Irish government, inside its own little park. The causeway itself runs between the old, well-kept St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and the even older jailhouse built by the British in 1811. It is named after Joseph Morris, the Scottish-born mayor who was a prominent doctor and social activist. In the 1890s, the jail was turned into a college. Now, in its third life, the sturdy but beautifully restored building has become a community centre and a

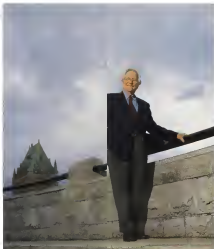
museum dedicated to exploring and celebrating the historic contributions of the English, Scottish and Irish. Where are we? Kingston, Ont.? Not even close. This beautifully showcased town of British colonial heritage is in the heart of Quebec City—the overwhelmingly French-speaking capital of Canada's perennially secessionist province. And who's behind all this town-splashing? Jean Paul L'allier, 66, the city's (challenging but outgoing) mayor—a proud recipient of the French Legion d'honneur, and a Quebec separatist for the past 25 years. "We'd want to know and celebrate our British cultural heritage; even if we were separated, because this is our heritage," L'allier explained in a recent interview. "It's part of our culture, it has made us what we are."

Vikings filling under the charms of the narrow streets, the convergent scenery and the rich historical texture may well be cited for ignoring some of the quarks and odd symptoms that make Quebec City the living, breathing set of contradictions that it is. The fact, for instance, that the landmark walls and gates of this highly artistic, albeit insecure, French city—so certified UNESCO World Heritage Site—are largely built by occupying British military engineers and commando long after their predecessors had conquered the place. Or that one of the biggest landmarks in the defiantly four-declared, self-proclaimed capital's economic

life is the federal government. The Maple Leaf flies over the harbourfront, the Plains of Abraham, the Citadel, the airport, the prison, and a rich portfolio of lots and buildings all over town.

Quebec City is so filled with reminders of the ebb and flow of history that it often goes to even references in backwoods Hants, Nova Scotia. L'allier is pronounced with a French flourish. That's despite the fact that the famous handshake at the foot of the Citadelle Provisional was signed for Lord Dufferin, Canada's third governor general. But local pronunciation Avenue Salaberry as an English noun even though Charles-Michel de Salaberry was a Quebec-born aristocrat who defended against American invaders in the War of 1812.

Quebec City, now preparing for the 1998 celebrations marking the 400th anniversary of its settlement by Samuel de Champlain, is definitely a francophone stronghold. Ninety-seven per cent of the 700,000 or so people living in the metropolitan area speak French, the mayor says. A few decades ago, many of my grade-school buddies here bore names like Melançon, Calhoun, Marino and Podkany—and spoke no more English than I did. Today, local English-language TV reporters still struggle with important local business, business, of course—unable to utter a gibberish word in English. It was not always like that,



though. In the mid-19th century, almost half the population spoke English. In the nation's "lost" years, Quebec City is all about overcoming—if not exacting sweet revenge against—the hardship of history and dominance by its anglophone.

But still, a separatist mayor honouring the English heritage of his defiant French citadel? "For me, being separatist has nothing to do with resentment or hostility against anyone," L'allier says, noting that not everyone shares his attitude. "Sure, I've come under fire for celebrating the conquest. Some petty, narrow-minded nationalists may rather eradicate all signs from the past that don't match their vision." But culture, he says, is not image-making. It is identity. "It is what you are for real. It's not something you want to hide or tamper with." Fine. But isn't taking pride in a rich and diversified cultural heritage a quintessentially Canadian thing to do? "I don't have a problem with being bilingual in Canada," says L'allier, who as a culture minister in

The Mayor's talking and a Celtic cross, reminders of the ebb and flow of history

Robert Bonneau's first Liberal government on the '70s was signed as a left-leaning, Quebec-first federalist.

Like so many other then federalists in Quebec, L'allier opposed Pierre Trudeau's 1982 patriation of the Constitution (the National Assembly has still not ratified it). "Trudeau imposed a lot of symbols and commissions, such as official bilingualism, on English Canadians in Quebec's name. They didn't want it, and neither did we."

The result? "The negative stereotypes of French and English Canada have been drilled and are getting blander than our government to the west." L'allier says. "A federation, a real federation of two nations would have worked. This confederation doesn't."

For contrast, he likes to draw examples from Europe. "When you are in Italy, you know you are in Italy. A Flemish border in



Brunswick does not check his language and culture at home when he leaves for work. The former nation of the Soviet bloc that are the most successful today are the ones that have kept a stronger sense of their identity and culture. Without these, you cannot be creative and adapt efficiently."

But what does he mean, Can ads and Quebec are getting blander? "Remember the '70s? The referendum of 1980? The vi-

sionary, the drama? That was no nation building, with all the energy such a process can demand, and unless, on both sides. That was merely New, look at 1995. We voted as a draw, and the morning after, everyone went back to work as if nothing had happened. That was not nation building, we were voting on a mere governmental flow chart."

He is concerned about what is to come. "I am not seriously worried by national unity," L'allier says. "We will probably continue getting older, and poorer, side by side. But I am worried for our future. The danger is that Canada's

rich available position in the world will be overlooked by more alert, better-defined societies. We're not building much of anything here in the moment." His dream for this country? "It would be wonderful if someone, somewhere, could rise, saying 'We, the people of Canada!' and mean it—with a vision, a project that could include and mobilize everyone. I'd probably be the first on board."

'SO NOT PREPARED'

A quake reveals the sorry state of the West Coast tsunami warning system

NORTH AMERICAN reports of the Indian Ocean tsunami that killed some 225,000 people last Dec. 26 included more than a little Western arrogance. They're the coastal rumors of the Indian Ocean, but no warning system to lessen the catastrophic death toll, it was often noted, unlike the U.S., Canada and other advanced nations bordering the Pacific. Things would be different here, was the unspoken assumption. But would they?

So much later, it's clear that complacency was unfounded. A 7.2 magnitude quake on Jan. 14 off the coast of northern California—and a subsequent Pacific tsunami warning—revealed an alarming number of fault lines in the coastal defenses of Canada and the U.S. The alert from the Alaska-based tsunami warning center was issued at 7:56 p.m. PST and cancelled 75 minutes later. The waves, had they materialized, would have hit by 10 p.m.—with far too many people oblivious to the danger, unaware what to do about it. The quake itself generated an insignificant swell, but just enough, fortunately, to rock the boats of emergency planners from northern Vancouver Island to California.

John Lee, B.C.'s new solicitor general, has requested a review after complaints that some emergency officials on Vancouver Island, as well as major media outlets, weren't warned, and that tsunami alerts and warning fire alarm siren sound communications were greeted with public confusion. Vancouver-based radio station CKVR, a dominant news source in the province, had to affirm the warning from U.S. sources. B.C. Provincial Emergency Program (PEP) officials finally called up just minutes before the wave would have hit at 10 p.m. In the linked tourist community of Tofino—which has no tsunami alarm—fire and emergency officials took to the streets and went door-to-door, successfully convincing hundreds to a school on high ground. Many tourists, however, had noses of the danger. Stories were in Port Alberni—a town hit by a tsunami in 1964, and one of the only cities

communities with a dedicated warning system. Again, there was confusion. Overloaded cell and land phone systems went dead, and residents scanned news outlets in vain for confirmation this was not a test. "Well, the tsunami warning, or lack thereof, sure does point out the areas which need improvement," said one of dozens of un-



Confusion greeted warning alerts in Port Alberni, but no waves hit—this time.

will be hit by a mid-ocean quake as powerful as the one that created the Indian Ocean tsunami. The disaster could lose \$1 million in provincial funding for tsunami preparedness along B.C.'s coast. There remains, however, a strong sense of dependence on luck.

The day of the warning, Bill Hendrick, emergency coordinator for the isolated island village of Zebrafish, near Victoria, was in a fire station training session. It was almost an hour before village officials were notified, he says. They gathered at the civic office, as the plan dictated, awaiting confirmation and details from a PEP fax. It never arrived. The alert was cancelled before an evacuation was ever mobilized. "The system needs some fine-tuning," says Hendrick—a message all emergency planners should heed. "We'd be so sure beach didn't harm from it." Arren to that.

evacuate. "Thank God," said one official, "it wasn't the real thing."

Renee Calambokidis, as Minister's reported in his May 16 issue, is playing catch-up after years of angling for preparation for the quakes and tsunamis that are an inevitable part of our future. Expecting there is a one in 10 chance in the next 50 years the coast

will be hit by a mid-ocean quake as powerful as the one that created the Indian Ocean tsunami. The disaster could lose \$1 million in provincial funding for tsunami preparedness along B.C.'s coast. There remains, however, a strong sense of dependence on luck.

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WHERE'S THE MONEY?

A research mandarin steps down—because the feds don't seem to care

ON MAY 4, a note appeared on the website of the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada announcing that MacKenzie, the agency's president, would be leaving the post after eight years. The note from Resnais mentioned that SSHRC—the federal agency that funds research into law, education, history, languages and other humanities disciplines—was near the end of a major structural transformation. "The last part of this work has assumed, or that the important work of transforming SSHRC should continue," Resnais wrote, "and I am confident that this will be the case."

To drive observers of university research in Canada, it seemed a risky Renaisition. Resnais himself even mentioned the matter in question, David Emerson, by name. One such observer suggested to MacKenzie that Resnais watch howling in an eerily happy camper. In an exclusive interview, Resnais said that's true.

After presiding for nearly a decade over extraordinary growth in the budgets and sophistication of the agency that funds more of Canada's academic research projects than any other, Resnais said he would have liked to have served two more years, and admitted: "I'm worried, so to speak." For two budgets in a row, growth in federal investment in research and innovation has stalled. "It's as if universities have had enough. I keep being told by people of over-driven, 'What, don't expect the growth that you've seen for the last eight years for the next few years?'"

A health academic from the University of Montreal, Resnais has spent the last year and a half in consultation with university administrators and faculty without any outward breakthrough. SSHRC's mandate. He wants Canada's social science and humanities researchers to be better connected—with one another, with the outside world, with international media outlets and with governments. He wants to keep pace with an explosion in research in fields where research involves tools far more exacting than the traditional



It has worries that of late might overtake budgets.

Resnais had big plans, but Ottawa's commitment to research has stalled.

always thought social science was old stuff and people just needed their pens. And it turns out, it's not true." Now, longitudinal survey-creatures databases that track information about large samples of people over long periods of time—"allow us to compare what aging means in Greece and Italy and Canada, given different policies, the climate, the family structure," Resnais says. "Five years ago there were zero students doing their theses on this. Now there's 400 in Canada."

The upshot? Resnais wants SSHRC's \$240 million budget for research and graduate stu-

dents coming to double over five years. It sounds extravagant as it potentially takes the budget a barely a quarter of those for either of the two granting councils for science. The road, whose outcome depends more than a hint of Quebec nationalism, is a serious criticism for Jean Charest's extraordinary investment in the knowledge economy. "He told me that he was a truck driver, and the chief does all went to school," Resnais recalls. "The lesson, school was the way to go some where. And the legacy of that government for universities is formidable. And what's sad is that that career government seems to have forgotten about this."

Resnais wanted one more year to complete SSHRC's transformation, but Emerson declined the request. "Maybe it's a blessing," Resnais says.



NOT WHAT HE SEEMS

How the new U.S. ambassador to Canada was stereotyped from day one

HE HAS A STRIPPY drawl, faith in the power of prayer and a track record of raising hundreds of thousands of dollars for candidate George W. Bush. David Williams, the new American ambassador to Canada, is a state lawmaker from Red America who, as co-chair of the Bush-Cheney campaign in his home state of South Carolina, won the Texas's gratitude by clearing his path to the White House in the bare-knuckle primary of 2000. But the choice of a conservative good 'ol boy struck many in secular, liberal Ottawa as

about as sensible as sending the unilateralist John Bolton to the United Nations. Outgoing envoy Paul Cellucci had failed to ease cross-border tensions over the war in Iraq, missile defense and trade—and he hailed from largely liberal Massachusetts. Someone was needed to smooth the bilateral path that will the new guy only ruffle them?

Initial impressions weren't promising. "God said rise to go to Canada, new U.S. ambassador says," reported several Canadian newspapers after Williams gave a fire-and-

speech to the state legislature where he'd served as speaker for almost 11 years. It was thick with religious references, which only underscored his record of co-sponsoring bills that included a ban on gay marriage and equal rights for the unborn. But faith and ideology are only part of the Williams story, and he's eager to transcend the cartoon, bill and bickering, trying to reflect amid the detritus of picking up his family home in Greenville, S.C., he was

taking the fun in stride. "They're already having fun with me," the good-humored 58-year-old chuckled.

Greenville is home to Christian funds minister Bob Jones University. Its downtown closes on the Sabbath. In those parts, a politician mentioning God is as unremarkable as one who kisses babies. But, explains J. Warren Tompkins, "You're not getting a bible-thumping politician." Tompkins is long-time political consultant and former chief of staff to the state governor who's known Williams for 20 years. Canada, he says, is "getting a charming gentleman in the highest Southern style." But Williams, a Baptist who can trace his roots in the area to just before the Civil War era, acknowledges that faith is very much a part of what

Williams will "attend to" in the state legislature in Columbia, S.C.

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UN-HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CANADA

Fox News has its share of Canada critics, none more outspoken than host John Gibson. This year, he's marking our national anniversary with a bash.

HAPPY CANADA DAY. We'd love how nice that you've managed to put the blame on Carolyn ("Americans... I hate the bastards!") Jensen. And the functionary who decided it was okay to call President George W. Bush a noxious leech in some closet somewhere. But despite your efforts at hiding your most egregious embarrassments, the veneer here is that Canada is still a vast ice-creamed wasteland deluged to beer and American bashing.

No serious person on either side of the border bothers arguing that Canadian anti-

American hysteria is a strange, or simple, hypersensitivity on the part of Americans. It's clearer than Mookin ale that Canadians have a serious anti-American problem.

Thank you in both countries say it is true. So do newspaper columnists. The Canadian ambassador to the United States has chastised his own people for their smug sense of superiority over America (and got whacked around for it by Canadians in return to the editor). A respected Canadian historian, Jack Granatstein, calls anti-Americanism Canada's "core religion," while a first-rate newspaper columnist called the minister "an Canadian as ginger and rye." *Management writing publishes* "questions against Americans" (America is "evil") without any guide or effort to conceal.

And we're the U.S. know Canadians quite well. Millions of your citizens live and work among us. They blend in, take the big American leads, pass for Americans and say they are our friends. But we are also quite accustomed to glancing at the television and seeing a clip of some famous popular weekly barely know a Canadian, telling a cheering Canadian audience how great it was to back home among really civilized people after so long in that hellhole down south.

Canada claims to be America's friend, but invasion and bashes us, and welcome admitted jihadi terrorists onto the continent like they were nothing more than dispossessed refugees. The Khadr family, for instance, should be a Canadian national disgrace. For years, its members have treated Canada as a free medical care pit stop and museum KDM while advancing the cause of Qaida-in-Afghanistan and elsewhere. And yet the Khadr have been welcomed



For many Canadians, says Gibson, anti-Americanism is a delicious pleasure.

home over and over, while Americans think they might give Canada after John Kerry lost the 2004 U.S. election have been told to expect to wait months, even years.

American News (which went northward) after George W. Bush was elected in November 2000 and interview about life as a reporter for the Washington Post Dispatch being a Kerry voter alongside with the average Canadian's political outlook, her advice to American thinking of moving to Canada: "Don't." She says the embedded anti-Americanism is really too much to take—even for someone who studied Bush and opposed the war in Iraq.

If things are so good in the multinational, agglutinated quasi-socialist Canada, why do so many leave to come to the business pangs

of America? Was there a potato famine up north that we missed? Or is it just the news and entertainment industry exploiting Canadians for a few funny gigs (Mike Myers, John Candy, Dan Aykroyd) whose series of burners have been sharpened over generations of long winters indoors, juddering it up around a fireplace, a bar, or a hole in the ice?

If Canada has a problem, America is to blame. There's smog in Windsor? It's those damn Americans in Detroit, of course. Mad cow in Alberta? Oh, it turns out the disease was in America first, but they shipped it to Canada, kept it secret, and blamed Canada later. Softwood? Who cares if Americans are harmful and closing left and right? We have a right to undercut them all and if they go out of business, tough. Seriously, Canada, nearly three-quarters of your trade is done with the United States, and you think it's okay to kick around the people who provide your standard of living?

By the way, despite your talking about "national sovereignty," if the North Korean firing a missile toward New York and the U.S. air force can shoot it down over Canada, no American authority is going to call out for permission if there is even a chance you would say no. We'll just shoot it down and you should watch out for falling pieces. That's just reality.

When I wrote *Marney America, the New World Spies* in 2003, the chapter that attacked Canada (sorry, you shared space with Belgium and South Korea) was called "The Age of Gray." The Iraq war was fresh. Canadians were sure they only had so yell loud enough to be heard across the border and even the thick-headed Americans would get it. Then came the U.S. election and we notice you haven't had much to say lately.

But you celebrate your national holiday. I suspect the truth about your national sentiment still applies. That precious and delicious pleasure called anti-Americanism is as strong as ever, isn't it?

I thought so.

OT



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'WE WILL LIKELY TAKE CASUALTIES'

ADNAM R. KHAN joins the first Canadian convoy to test the route to the dangerous Taliban heartland

"IT'S PROBABLY NOT MINED," says Master Cpl. David Shaw, reassessing his risked pace with the deliberate precision of a military engineer. "But just to be sure, I'll drive over it with the Nyala a million times and then the other vehicles can go through." He's looking at a dirt track breaking off the smooth asphalt of Afghanistan's newly refurbished Highway 1, down the sloping bank of a dry rivulet and under the concrete supports of a bridge. Construction work up top has forced a Canadian military convoy of about 15 vehicles to go off-road into soft sand, ideal terrain for planting mines, and it's no time for

taking chances. The Nyala anti-rimfire vehicle Shaw's talking about rumbles into action. Capable of withstanding powerful explosions, it is an essential component of this trip south. Shaw's Nyala checks the route, finds it safe, and the convoy moves on.

The Canadians in Afghanistan are on the move, and the coverage of their deployment is by far the most dangerous yet. This is the first convoy to leave the relative safety of Kabul, where they've been based for two years, to make the 960-km round trip south-west into Kandahar province, the Taliban heartland. Over the next two months, the Canadians will be making the trip dozens of times in preparation for their next assignment—taking the lead on security and reconstruction efforts in Afghanistan's southern provinces, in partnership with British and Dutch forces. Their mission is the third phase of a NATO expansion in Afghanistan that will eventually take over the role from the U.S.-led Operation Enduring Freedom.

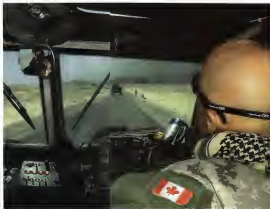
AFTER MONTHS of pressing NATO to take a more proactive role in the country, U.S. forces, stretched thin by the war in Iraq, are finally getting their wish. This first convoy down has to identify threats and cut the waters in a region still considered as deadly as the evergreen central authority. It's a dangerous journey, along a route marked with possible ambush points and home to

an elusive Taliban presence in the porous country. "It's a gutsy move," says Capt. Angus Matheson, second-in-command of the force protection company at Camp Julien, the Canadian base on the southern outskirts of Kabul. "Where you go to Kandahar, nobody will be securing us if not stepping up to the plate. Going down there takes some political guts, because we will likely take casualties."

Canadian soldiers have a bad reputation with Kandahar. It was on training exercises outside that city three years ago that four of their colleagues were accidentally killed by an American bomb—a friendly fire incident.

MOVING ON FROM KABUL

Canadians are taking over security duties in the southern provinces



Shaw's view from the Nyala anti-rimfire vehicle along Highway 1, a tributary of a southern village gets his first look at the Canadian military

area that became the defining feature of Canada's presence in Afghanistan. And the region is a hotbed of militant activity. The assassination of an anti-Taliban democracy and a subsequent bombing at his funeral point a bleak picture of an Afghan insurgency learning from the tactics of its Iraqi counterpart. Roadside bombs are increasing in frequency (a day before this first Canadian convoy set out, an American patrol found and defused an improvised explosive device on Highway 1). As are suicide attacks—a worrying development for Canadians who will be spending more time on the road than ever before during their four-year presence in Afghanistan.

As the trip begins, wary kids dash after the convoy and adults shake hands with soldiers. But as we get closer to Kandahar city, the faces of adults along the road become more stern. A small convoy of pickup trucks packed with unidentified armed men—possibly local militia, possibly drug traffickers—sweeps fiercely past the soldiers. Kids haul rocks at the line of armored vehicles. "They might have thought we were Americans," suggests Capt. Steve

MacLeth, the operation commander.

The level of distrust is a challenge Canadian troops will need to overcome quickly if the stabilization plan is to be effective. "That's part of the job of the first wave of Canadians in Kandahar," says Col. Walker Sennett, commander of Operations Athena, the Canadian contribution to the NATO presence in Afghanistan. "They will be responsible for setting up the Provincial Reconstruction Team. The PRT will be the face of Canada on the ground."

It remains to be seen whether this face will be welcomed or rejected. Military convoys have been a sight in this part of the country. American forces prefer to use Chinook helicopters for air transport rather than risk the vulnerability on a road like Highway 1. Canadian forces do not have that luxury. "If we had a few of those," says a convoy guard, Capt. Chris Spragg, as he watches an American Chinook thunder into the sky, "it'd make this move to Kandahar a hell of a lot easier."

Sennett agrees. "In this theater of op-

eration you need helicopters," he agrees. "The chief of defence staff has said it. I know he's looking at how we can increase the capacity of Canadian forces in this area, because it would be something that could facilitate operations in this terrain." But the lack of air support is not preventing Canada down from doing their job, says Sennett. They have various options for moving equipment and personnel south, including local transport trucks and C-130 Hercules transport planes.

Nevertheless, many experts on the Canadian military are questioning whether our forces are properly equipped to handle this new task. Canadian operations for the past year have been mainly limited to securing the immediate area around the home base, Camp Julien. In Kandahar, though, Canada will be taking the lead in bringing security to the region, deploying a full battalion composed of 1,800 troops by next February. The number matches the height of Canada's contribution to Afghanistan, from August 2003 to August 2004.

The LAV III armored vehicles taking part in the convoy have seen relatively little work in Kabul. But the Canadians will learn soon enough if they're up to the task. They already know that their Coyotes—one of the world's most sought-after armored reconnaissance vehicles—have been pushed to their limits on the more remote mountain terrain. It's not encouraging that breakdowns plague both vehicle types on the first convoy south. But most soldiers, from the senior ranks down to the grunts, expect confidence in their hardware. "The important thing to remember," says Cpl. Keith McAllister, a vehicle technician at Camp Julien, "is that these machines need work to keep them in top shape. I think you will see less breakdowns as the mission to Kandahar moves forward."

The entire mission will also be made easier, a novel, somewhat controversial Canadian strategy for bringing order to war-torn. "This will be very new territory for the Canadian military," says Sennett. "The transition to Kandahar and the set up of a PRT is part of what we call the 3-D approach

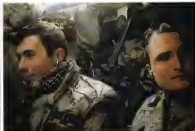


to rebuilding Afghanistan, the three D's being diplomacy, development and defence. "Still in its planning phase, this strategy will enhance the already close relationship in Afghanistan between the military, the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) and the Foreign Affairs Department. Under military command, they will work in concert to address the complex web of social and economic issues facing Afghanistan as it struggles to emerge from nearly three decades of war. "It's a holistic approach to nation-building," adds Senesew. "It recognizes that security, development and political stability are intercorrelated."

Historically, CIDA has worked at arm's length from the military establishment. One risk in functioning as a part of this operation, says Nijm Banerjee, counsellor for development and head of aid for the agency, is that putting a military face on development projects could undermine the independence of aid work. But CIDA's focus in Kandahar province will be on security-sector reforms rather than development projects, and on stabilization, not on reconstruction—functions, she says, that lend themselves well to military co-operation. Despite some initial resistance to the plan among CIDA officials in Canada, she believes the Canadian military approach is well suited to this type of collaboration.

Having the Canadian Foreign Affairs representative on the ground in Kandahar brings with local Afghan leaders and report back to the military may be more contentious. "In my opinion, diplomats and the military have no business working together," says one official, speaking on condition of anonymity. "It blurs the line between diplomacy and armed confrontation." But if the plan is to succeed, the official adds, it will depend largely on the leadership style of the commanding officer on the ground.

"That's a key point," agrees Senesew. "This is not going to be a situation in which a military commander will be ordering around CIDA and Foreign Affairs officials. It will be co-operative effort, with the military acting as the information hub to ensure efficiency. That is what S-D is all about." What's important to remember, Senesew adds, is that the Canadian military approach has always been more interactive than that of other nations. Canadian patrols in Kabul regularly engage the local population; soldiers are encouraged to wave and shake



Privates Sean Lamb (top left) and Sean Tonic don eye patches to drive out the noise of their LAV II; the crew of a Coyote checks the terrain on a road dotted with potential ambush sites

hands whenever the opportunity arises. "Whether this friendly Canadian way will work in a region as volatile as Kandahar will now be put to the test."

At Camp Julius, Matheson puts the mission in graphic perspective. "There is going to be an element down there that will have

a vested interest in killing Canadians," he says. "It's awful thinking to assume we are going to go into Kandahar with Canadian flags on our backpacks and have everybody love us."

For now, the Canadian forces will focus on maintaining a visible environment in Kabul province for the national elections scheduled for September. Then comes the move south. They're already preparing themselves both psychologically and physically for this new phase in their Afghan assignment, a mission that could last years. "This is our race," says Cpl. Chris Marshall, a medic on the first convoy to Kandahar. "and we're ready for it."

"THERE'S going to be an element down there," warns a captain, with "a vested interest in killing Canadians"



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*If you just pass it, you'll miss it. Though Banff and Jasper offer world-class accommodation, the drive from Banff to Jasper can be made into a luxurious retreat or an adventure holiday. Hiking, backcountry camping and bicycling beckon for active travellers, while picnicking, sightseeing and nature-watching await the more relaxed visitor. With mountains pinning the skyline and valleys bursting with summer growth, travellers can walk up to the "face" of a glacier, cross dense channels of emerald rock or enjoy the display of mineral, light and water at stunning Lake Phipps. Hikers of flora, fauna and geology mix with curious, and driving roads to make this passage as impressive and truly Canadian a drive.

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IT'S SUBLIME AND DEADLY

Vimy is both stunning memorial and live minefield

"NOTHING EXCEPT a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won," wrote the Duke of Wellington about the dead and dying in numerous the field of Waterloo. A Canadian could have said as much on April 12, 1917, while standing on the grimy ruins of Vimy Ridge. Meticulously brief as the four-day assault was—a blink of the eye among the infamous month-long battles of the Great War—the victory still cost 3,600 Canadian lives and wounded 7,000 more. The human damage has, to the extent that such things are possible, long since faded. But to an interesting degree, Vimy Ridge, the battlefield, still bears the scars left by the human passion for destruction.

The Canadians brought an unholy inferno with them to the strategic heights on the northern French. Their attack was preceded by weeks of artillery barrages, with shells fired at the rate of 1,000 a minute during the final days. By the time the Canadian Corps went over the top on April 9, a million shells had landed over a front only a few kilometers wide. Just before the first wave of soldiers, underground mines—each packed with almost 10 tonnes of explosives—were also fired. British reporter Philip Gibbs watched it unfold like a scene out of Dante, with the sky above and "great pools of red fire" gushing from the earth. "Astonishing and dreadful thing, and the beauty of it, and at the end of it, put a spell upon one's senses." For the first time, all four divisions of the Corps, men from every part of Canada,

fought together—and accomplished something other Allied armies could not. Vimy Ridge was hailed by observers there, and by historians ever since, as Canada's greatest step on the road from colony to nation. When we decided to erect a monument to our 60,000 war dead there was never any doubt where it would go. Vimy is where Canadian history meets French geography. The French government donated 100 hectares in perpetuity, and Ottawa, flush with postwar pride, uncharacteristically chose the boldest, most expensive proposal. It was possible that said of

Canadian memorial
all the UNLVG remains
of Canadian soldiers
will be kept there

became a scenario to him—to erect in 1936 the greatest monumental work of art ever created by a Canadian. His legacy is currently in the midst of a \$25-million restoration that will preserve it for generations.

The same extraordinary heights that made Vimy Ridge such a military prize also made it a superb setting for Alward's massive structure. From a long, low base—walls inscribed with the names of 11,285 Canadian war heroes—were never recovered—two 30-m-pylons, visible for 40 km over the north. Fresh glass, with 20 giant figures symbolizing such concepts as Canada Mourning, Her Fallen Sons. Many consider it the most beautiful of the combatant nations'



memorials. (Among its appreciative visitors was a transphobic Adolf Hitler, who came by on his lightning tour of conquered France in June 1940.) It took Alward 2½ years merely to clear the immediate site, choked with unexploded bombs and human remains. The rest of the battlefield was left alone, save for a tree replanting program (wherever, war-torn landscape was restored to farm use, so that Vimy and the smaller Canadian (formerly Newfoundland) memorial at Beaumont Hamel now contain 80 per cent of the Western Front's preserved terrain).

That means Alward's towering creation is an island in a living mosaic. A sea of shell holes only inches apart, and larger mine

craters, mark the surface. Underneath, the ground is honeycombed with tunnels connecting even larger hollows. The surface is subject to frequent and unpredictable collapses—in the past two years alone. How many hollows there are still uncertain, but Alward, Vimy's on-site operations director, doesn't mind ground penetrating radar to tell him there are a lot. Pudey, 55, who lives with his wife, Susan, about 100 m from the memorial in an inconspicuously pretty Arts and Crafts-style cottage designed by Alward, notes, "There's been a seismic system here for 70 years, and it's never had to be engaged. Where does it all go?"

It's what might be buried in those holes

that concerns those on the surface. Seven of the 10-tonne Canadian mines failed to go off in 1917. "We'd really like to find these," Pudey says dryly as he looks over his flock of grazing sheep. The animals keep the grass under control, a task the dangerous for humans with lawn mowers. None of his flock has perished on the job yet. They're protected by their light weight, the way they search by their light weight, and their lack of the curiosity that licks cats and people.

The operations director, a blue-talking native of northern Quebec, is full of tales of the continuing trickle of human debris the Western Front still exists. Unexploded ordnance is not hard to find, just last year the French

government cleared out 197 tonnes from the area around Vimy. Not everyone calls it the experts. "Four or five years ago," Pudey recalls, "a father and son found a chlorine gas shell, put it into their car and drove away. Unfortunately, it had a slow leak. They were dead before their car went off the road." Other souvenir hunters find old grenades that handling one, notes Pudey, tends to upend the firing mechanism. All told, the First World War still clears up to 10 tons a year.

The dangerous, ever-changing landscape makes a surreal home for the monument, built in a time of contradictions. Only the top arm of the 750,000-acre valley in the use of Canada's greatest military strength are

Canadian. The text are British and French, mostly schoolchildren, who come to see the background. The monument is now approached by roads leading to its rear. Alford expected most people to arrive via the rail station in the valley below the heights. He didn't even build steps for the back. (They had to be added later.) To see Viny is Alford encouraged it, a visitor has to pass the memorial and walk for 100 m down into the valley, before turning and climbing back around the monument's face. The effort is humbling and awe-inspiring at the same time. Now, however, make the climb.

But the greatest irony of Alford's work is the way the Monument to End All Wars actually parallels the War to End All Wars. Like the Versailles treaty that ended the conflict, the Viny memorial started to crumble almost as soon as it was finished, primarily because of decisions Alford himself made. "He just didn't understand the stone," says Ottawa architect Julian Smith. Alford's choice, limestone he found in an abandoned Roman quarry, makes for a fine vertical stone, Smith says, which is why the pylons and statues are in good shape. But it's a poor horizontal stone, which is why the walls bearing the names of the dead are crumbling. And it's the carved relief, with its power to overwhelm visitors' emotions, that's the vital part of Viny.

Smith, a member of the team carrying out the restoration announced by the federal government in 2000, has a profound admiration for the monument. "Alford was a member of an avant-garde theatre group, and he found more inspiration there than in sculpture," says the architect. "He was influenced by Russian ideas about human beings deified by their settings." It was Alford who had the "three conceptual breakthroughs that make Viny what it is," Smith says. "What stone when most monuments used grey, preserving the terrain, the 11,000 names. And he wanted his blocks to melt—so you can see that in the way the carved names go right across the joint."

That desire to fuse the stones together, notes Smith, is what's making Viny apart. Alford didn't leave enough space between them to handle the expansion and shrinkage of the stone over time. Grinding blocks are breaking off chunks of mortar. That allows water to course through the structure, depositing lime at its roots, and obscuring the names of the dead. "The monument



Smith, a member of the team carrying out the restoration announced by the federal government in 2000, has a profound admiration for the monument. "Alford was a member of an avant-garde theatre group, and he found more inspiration there than in sculpture," says the architect.

can't cope with the pressure it's come off of itself."

The restorers are now planning to replace every block in the walls by 2007, leaving 20-mm gaps between them so the stones will have enough room to expand. But in the beginning they gave serious thought to just letting it crumble, "because that's what monuments do over time," explains Smith. The overall effect then—a literally seething landscape constantly threatening to swallow up its integrating monument—would be extraordinary, but there was never really any chance of it being allowed. "Last we forget," quips a smiling Smith, those 11,292 names

will never be permitted to fade away.

Viny is too important, not just to Canada, but to the world's memory of the Great War, to be allowed to fall to ruin. And its power to move is undiminished by time. Ponder tales about how nothing much is done there on Viny or Remembrance days. Instead, Al and Smith attend a local ceremony. "Last year we had a single Canadian couple here on Nov. 11. Susan and I asked if they wanted to come to town with us. The mayor lays a wreath at the town cemetery, I lay a wreath, the band plays the Marseillaise and the French sing it, the band plays O Canada and the French sing it, I turn around and see the monument in the distance, but a mature man—half team streaming down his face. I understand. I tell him to go."



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THEY HAD FRONT-ROW SEATS to much of the modern history of Canada's West. On occasion, they even held the conductor's baton. Preston Manning, as he notes here, literally grew up in the seat of government—his dad, Ernest C. Manning, was Alberta's longest-serving premier (1943 to 1968). Preston Manning, of course, went on, in 1987, to found and lead the Reform party, and to orchestrate its successor, the Canadian Alliance, in the process turning federal politics in the West onto its ear. Roy Romanow took a different route. The son of Ukrainian immigrants, he grew up on the other side of the tracks in Saskatoon and was taken early with Tommy Douglas's slain song. As a young man, he would even carry Douglas's bags on speaking engagements and, like his idol, grew up to become premier of Saskatchewan, from 1991 to 2001. Since then he has headed a royal commission on health care.

Maclean's asked both men to pen personalized histories of their respective provinces over the last half-century or so, to mark the centenary of Alberta and Saskatchewan becoming provinces on Sept. 1, 1905. Here are their remembrances, and observations.

BIG WEST COUNTRY

PRESTON MANNING on how religion and reform have cut through the mindscape of Alberta like a runaway river

IN 1943, WHEN I was less than a year old, my father, Ernest Manning, became premier of Alberta, a job he held for the next 25 years. I thus had the privilege of growing up with an inside view of Alberta during a period of enormous change, and access to a political gene pool of politicians and public servants who had known Alberta from its very beginnings as a province.

In 1935, when my father was first elected to the legislature, it was in the midst of the Great Depression. At 23 he was the youngest minister in the government, but his deputy, Eddie Trowbridge, had been clerk to the territorial government and before Alberta became

a province and had known every premier of Alberta and Saskatchewan from 1905 to 1935. He never tired of telling my father that the best leader the West ever produced was Frederick Blair Smith. As a youngster, I came to recognize his austere person hovering in the legislature. In Edmonton, and would not respectfully in passing. Fred Hawkins came west from Toronto in 1884 to settle in a farm in Madoc in the old North-West Territories. In 1887, he was elected to the Territorial Council, where he

From the start, prominent Albertans had dreams as big as the Prairie sky.

championed "responsible government"—that cabinet should be responsible to the legislature and the legislature to the people.

In 1891, Hawkins became "premier" from where he presided over the struggle by the territories to attain provincial status. As Trowbridge reminded my father, Hawkins's vision of the future was as big and expansive as the West itself—and as a par with those of John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier. At the heart of that vision was responsible democratic government, constitutional equality for the West with the older provinces of Canada, and unification of the West into one big province strong enough to counterbalance the weight of Quebec or Ontario.

Hawkins argued this line point most vigorously in a famous debate with Manitoba Premier Alexander Roblin at Indian Head, Sask., on Dec. 18, 1901. At the time, the federal government was playing one sectional interest off against another, thereby weakening the West's capacity to bargain for better terms and conditions of provincialhood. Hawkins called those territorial politicians who went along with this strategy, in return for federal patronage or out of personal ambition, "Little Westerners." He appealed to his audience to act as "Big Westerners" to guarantee provincialhood and constitutional equality as "the joint demand of a united West."



While Hawkins won the debate at Indian Head that cold December night, he and his Big Western followers lost the battle for the West to the Laurier Liberals and the Little Westerners. One hundred years ago, the Prairie West was divided into three provinces—two expanded Manitobas and the new province of Alberta and Saskatchewan. All three were denied constitutional equality with the rest

of Canada as Ontario retained ownership and control of their mineral resources.

Fred Hawkins should have been the first premier of either Alberta or Saskatchewan. Instead he was relegated to the political sidelines. But his sound and principled ideas—responsible government, constitutional equality, and the importance of a united West—inspired Alberta's political psyche,

and profoundly affected the attitudes and customs of citizens and politicians [myself included] from that day on.

THOUGH I grew up in a political home in Alberta, I nevertheless heard in many speeches as many speeches. As a critical chronicler of Alberta's history, religion and politics became closely entwined in talks heard on both to

hanged for 35 years, 25 to prison. He had come to Alberta to become a minister of the Gospel, and ended up a minister of the Crown. What is the point of remembering and telling all this? Simply this: to encourage a glimpse of the spirit and of political heritage of Alberta and the Canadian Prairies, a heritage that continues to play itself out in our national politics.

TODAY, Alberta is considered a "conservative" province strongly committed to a favourable climate for free enterprise, balanced budgets, low taxes, free trade, and universal health care via a two track (public and private) delivery and payment system. After attending hundreds of meetings over the years, I have come to appreciate, however, that Albertans "conservative with a difference," is peculiarly shaped by its constitutional, religious, economic, and political experience.

The movement by farmers in the 1930s and '40s to gain more control over their livelihoods expressed itself provincially through the creation of the United Farmers of Alberta and nationally through the Progressive Party of Canada. On the one hand, the UFA and the Progressives were strong advocates of co-operation and government intervention to break the monopolistic practices of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the grain companies. They were also, for the most part, ruggedly independent farmers who firmly believed in the private ownership of land. What were those farmers, socialists or capitalists or capitalists?

In the midst of the Depression, both the socialists of the CCF and Alberta's Social Crediters bitterly denounced the banks and what they called the future of capitalism. In both Alberta and Saskatchewan, religiously motivated "social concern" was the driving force that coursed both the social credit and the social democratic movements. Yet in Alberta this became wedded to the idea of forming capitalism through monetary policy and other radical measures, whereas in Saskatchewan the social democrats aimed at replacing it altogether.

"Social conservatism" in Alberta did not originally mean what it means today. Early Father's Day, it meant free enterprise with a social conscience, politicians with hard heads and soft hearts. Just 50 years ago Alberta governments for at least the past 40 years have espoused conservative economic principles, the province has invested heavily in education, health, infrastructure and research. In

recent years, Alberta's per capita spending is virtually every public service category is among the country's highest.

By the time oil was discovered in substantial quantities at Leduc in 1947, most of the petroleum resources in both Alberta and Saskatchewan had been publicly owned by the provincial Crown since 1930, when Ottawa relinquished its authority. After the long struggle to wrest control from the



Leo Romanow, 21, speaks at a rally for his dad in Edmonton in 1963.

federal government, there was more any question in either province of promoting resource ownership. In Alberta, my father's government was committed to attacking and using private enterprise to exploit Alberta's oil. This was not always the case in Saskatchewan.

What are the adaptive Alberta conservatism will have to make to meet future needs? One of the most important will be the challenge of marrying a growing public demand for environmental conservation to the province's earlier-driven approach to economic development. Presumably will say it can't be done. But optimism will point to the fact that "conservatives" and "conservatives" come from the same soil, and that it has never been worse to beat against Alberta when it comes to public policy innovation.

RESPONSIBLE government, that lofty concept for which I believe fought so hard, became only the first of a long list of the province's reform—political, religious, moral, economic, innovative, reforms, electoral

reforms, free voting by secret methods, Senate reform—championed by Western movements as diverse as the Progressives, Social Credit, the CCF and the Reform Party of Canada. All but the CCF just down from room in Alberta. But even it had its soundings meeting in Calgary, in 1932.

In recent years, Albertans have continued to champion federal democratic reforms, especially by pushing Ottawa to adopt an elected and accountable Senate. But Albertans have been strangely quiescent at the provincial level. This is misleading. Alberta politics is unlike that of any other province—long periods of one-party government, then a major upheaval, with the ruling party that far being replaced by a new group with new ideas rather than by its traditional opponents. Albertans prize "long cycle" change, and the candidates for the next big idea to grip Alberta will no doubt include democratic reforms such as freewill building, lease building, and the marriage of conservatism and conservatism.

According to T. R. Glover's *Democracy in the Ancient World*, democracy is first and foremost a "frontier phenomenon." The early Greek experiments began among the hardy farmers on outlying regions who first began and mirrored the notions of equality and self government. These notions were then carried back through trade to the city states where they were either rejected or incorporated into the governing structure.

Fast forward to the Canadian West, which had its political and economic beginnings as a colony of central Canada. The frontier consciousness of the West, like those of ancient Greece, developed more natural equality and independence than that which existed in the older, more stratified societies of Eastern and Central Canada. These conditions generated the democratic impulses that shaped much of Alberta's political culture, and continue to fuel its demands for "reform"—including more democratic and equitable federal processes and institutions—to this very day.

How will the older more established parts of Canada—how will federal institutions like Parliament—react to the demands for democratic and other reforms coming from 21st century Alberta? Will it be continued skepticism and resistance, or will it be measured acceptance and accommodation? As Alberta celebrates its first 100 years, the answer to these questions will shape its future and explain why Canada to come.

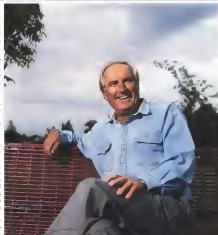
RICH IN DIVERSITY

ROY ROMANOW reflects on growing up in a Saskatchewan family of immigrants who, like many seeking a future in Canada, spoke neither official language

AS A VERY young boy, I vividly recall being pulled home by my father on a brand new sleigh, my Christmas gift from St. Nicholas, after an evening of celebration at the Ukrainian community centre on the west side of Saskatoon. Ukrainian carols, poetry, dance and songs were the highlights of the evening. On the way home, the air was crisp and the sky snow crinkled with every footstep. As I lay back on the sleigh and looked upward, I was overwhelmed by the sudden arrival of thousands of lights, with their unrelenting beauty. They produced a colourful dance that made me feel they were so far away and yet so close.

Perhaps that is why the memory is so strong. The magnificence of Saskatchewan's landscape—and sky—in its soft, defining tones. In the heart of summer, the seemingly endless fields of golden wheat stretch so far into the horizon that they seem to pierce the sky. And when the Prairie wind blows through the wheat fields, they bob and weave like an undulating ocean. And I look back on that moment on the sleigh. I am struck by another reality: we were a family of immigrants and our family's universe was composed of the Ukrainian, St. George's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Cathedral, schools, and the shopping trips of 20th Street just a few blocks away. We could go as far as the north and south and buy our necessities without using either one of Canada's two official languages.

Saskatchewan, of course, is rich in diversity. The landscape nature of its geography—its hundreds of lakes, lush park land forest and rolling southern prairie—stands in sharp contrast to the perception



A hard but welcoming land that forced people to learn all each other.

of the province that came outside. It is the same for us in many different, mostly European cultures that arrived in quick succession, joining around the turn of the century and continuing until the 1930s. Saskatchewan, in fact, of taking my Ottawa friends, is a province where, for many years, the country's two founding groups, English and French,

found their early influence here intertwined by the heritage of its residents.

My father left Ukraine in the late 1920s in pursuit of liberty and a future in Canada. He did not know much about the country to which he was destined. He did not know its languages. He did not know its history or traditions. And for sure his timing was not the best. Arriving on the eve of the Great Depression, which was made worse by the debilitating droughts of the early 1930s, he saw his dream to resume his livelihood as a

former chairman. Like many from his place of origin, he turned to the railways for employment. He was a section man for the Canadian National Railway, a liberator of repairing tracks, cutting ice to old boxcars for refrigeration, and clearing the tracks of the huge snowdrifts that blocked the way. The train had to do their work, especially in Saskatchewan, a place where distance mattered. That was his life. When my mother and sister finally arrived by ship at the port of Montreal, there to meet them was Mike Romanow, who used his railway pass to travel four nights and days from the West, to accompany them to their new life in Saskatoon.

I was born about a year later, in 1936, at St. Paul's Hospital, near our small home on the west side, not far from the Ukrainian National Protestant Hall. With his volunteer labour, it featured two statues of Jesus on the front entrance and was the place where family and friends would socialize, maintain their culture and talk of how to someday bring about the liberation of Ukraine. Seminars and cultural institutions, of course, were built by other arrivals. The working-class westside of Saskatoon was alive with the sounds, smells, fights and faces of many other new Canadians. They were primarily Polish, German, Jewish, Scottish and English. And so an important lesson was learned: that tolerance and acceptance was essential for our people to prosper ahead.

Through constant people coming through our Saskatchewan's doors and doors. And the duty duties brought just another lesson that frequently we could accomplish much more by working together than alone. This effort unions, co-operatives, universities, regionally organized health centres and Crown corporations speaking up to the practical vehicles to pursue immediate survival and future growth. Eventually, I grew to appreciate those very practical institutions were an important part of my own dreams.

I am sure my father worked for the Liberal party, even though he was a firm believer in advancing the rights of working men and workers, just because it was that same Liberal party whose government offered him hope and an opportunity for his children to see a new land. Politically, I chose a different vehicle. From the very first time my father and I were stretched out in the evening on our small living room floor, each only the orange glow of the Zenith radio to light up



With Trudeau, McMurtry and Chrétien, an university clerk, with parents Mike and Helen

the room. I was regaled by the compelling preacher's voice and big dreams of Roy McMurtry, whose new party, the Co-operatives Conservative Federation (later the NDP), seemed to represent the best way to build our own community strengths.

University helped me fully understand the political philosophy that underpinned Douglas and his government. But I probably learned more about him—and our province—by being his volunteer driver to speaking events around the time of the 1960 election, still seeing the veterans and age

retires a rural Saskatchewan, in particular, up close. By the time of the doctors' strike in 1962, the culmination of a three-year fight over Douglas's introduction of public medicine, our province was divided into two bitterly competing camps. My personal beliefs and friendships made it clear to me which side I was on. But the experience was also a watershed for many of us, confirming the importance of government and public life in shaping the nature of society.

Only a few short years after graduation, I earned my attention from law to active politics. Of course, Douglas was unique in Quebec, but at that point, in the mid-1960s, it felt like giants graced our political landscape.

Besides Douglas, there were leaders such as former Liberal premier and later federal agriculture minister Jimmy Gardiner, and Conservative leader John Diefenbaker in Ottawa. There were also influential public figures such as Al Johnson, later head of the CBC, Tommy Shoyama, who became a federal deputy minister of finance, and Emmett Hall, later a Supreme Court judge. As a group, they proved two things about Saskatchewan: that could produce people of stature for the nation's stage, and that it also lost many of its best and brightest to greater pastures.

I was elected in 1967 and brought into Allan Rock's cabinet in 1971 as deputy premier and attorney general. These were heady times in which we created a legal plan and a Human Rights Code for the province, worked and fought with Ottawa over resource development, and later, as the decade ended, engaged fully heartily

FOR A TIME it felt like giants graced our political landscape, men like Douglas, Diefenbaker, Emmett Hall

in the pursuit of the Constitution. That last political fight led to an extremely close association with fellow senators general Jean Chrétien from Ottawa and Roy McMurtry from Ontario, and in some called kindness accord at the last of these big conferences in 1981 with Pierre Trudeau. This is not the place to go into those war stories except to say it was one of the rare, maybe even heroic, moments in our history when three of the most pillars of modern Canada—the French, English and immigrant experience—collided in a creative way. At several key points during the long paragon battle—the political negotiations and before the Supreme Court—Saskatchewan was a different force and creative solutions from the other participants. This is just the way we are.

The paragon fight led to political defeat for the Bismarck government and for me personally in 1982. But that was not the end of the world. After all, Douglas and environmental matters had deflated Prairie farmers, but they fought back. Our provincial armchairs had often seen political resistance from other regions, but Saskatchewan continued to pursue its dreams.

In Saskatchewan's first 100 years as a province, many of its communities have experienced this cycle over and over again. These and again, however, they use the potential to build and overcome, as leaders as the quality I certainly followed the determination when Saskatchewan was elected the NDP to govern again in 1991, with me as leader. Many of us interpreted this as a mandate to start afresh, to dream again about the Big Ideas. But first we had a formidable bill to climb. The public agenda was urgent and long, but the fiscal capacity to achieve it was limited. A large deficit had to be worked to the green as soon as possible, not because this was a goal in itself, but because it was a prerequisite to build a dynamic Saskatchewan for the 21st century. Yet again, citizens were called upon to personally sacrifice in order to build a stronger province for the future. And cutting services was not an easy thing to do for a social democratic government. But in the mid-1990s, Saskatchewan became the first of any jurisdiction in Canada to eliminate its deficit and to start reducing debt, as a cost of closing some rural hospitals and sacrificing other trendy causes. We gambled residents would buy into the pain in order to rebuild the trust and effectiveness of their public institutions. And we were not proven wrong.

Sometimes, I look back in wonderment to try to fully understand why my life unfolded as it did. Surely it was the tolerance, imagination, optimism and bold nature of Saskatchewan that permitted the son of Ukrainian immigrants to be a premier. And I'm confident that grandfather is still there for future generations. Each province, territory and region, plus our many cultures and different stories, can be trusted to individual people making up a beautiful mosaic, connected to each other by the strands of shared identity. This strand, however, is fragile and needs constant attention. For me, our shared destiny has been and will continue to be the engine of progress change. Shared destiny is the vision behind medicine, sometimes described as Saskatchewan's gift to the nation and something I've now shared thousands of Canadians speak passionately in support of, almost as a birthright. That's why I am certain that, just as there will always be the waving wheat fields and gleaming northern lights, so too will Saskatchewan's next 100 years be even better than our past 100 and just as inspirational. **FI**

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CRUSTACEAN WAR

Two formerly tight-knit towns are drawing a line in the water, CHARLIE GILLIS reports

THE SEASIDE VILLAGE of Negate, N.B., lies a 90-minute drive from Seal Brook's door, but these days it feels to him like foreign, at times outright hostile, territory. Bruce, a 58-year-old lobsterman who lives in the nearby village of Tabernaash, has been watching his back lately in a town where, not long ago, he might have stopped for a friendly beer. "I'd say it's like a bunch of strangers," he says, "but that would be the wrong word." By dint of sheer proximity, Bruce says, he knows his enemies in Negate all too well. In this case,

familiarity has bred something much worse than contempt. "With strangers," he explains, "you're not scared of getting the shit kicked out of you."

The backwoods of Canada have produced their share of hubbly-bubbly—long-animating feuds that measure up to the Hatfield-McCoy dispute of Clark Kent in fiction, if not longevity. This reader last March of four

Moosemen near Mayerthorpe, Alta., was a reminder of how one troubled knee can become a community ailment, albeit unchained, unleashing terrible violence. The feud between fishermen in Negate and Tabernaash has not, thankfully, produced such bloodshed. But the two seafaring towns overlooking Miramichi Bay have reached a level of animosity that no one here would have predicted five years ago. If

they've avoided violence to this point, no one's betting they will in the future.

Boiled down to its essentials, the dispute is a turf war—a territorial struggle over lobster fishing grounds that, by all accounts, has been brewing since the late 1990s. It was then that fishermen from Tabernaash began complaining that their counterparts from Negate were fishing ever further into an area known as the Tabernaash Gully. What the Negate fishermen were doing was technically legal—there are no territorial fishing rights for individual communities, they also insist they'd been working the disputed area for decades. But the Tabernaash lobstermen scoff at these claims, say-



ing the Negate fishermen had upset years of tradition whereby they all work to water directly adjacent to their wharves. "There's always been a gentlemen's agreement," says Bruce Rose, a 41-year-old lobsterman from Tabernaash. "Everyone fishes his own zone."

So they took action. As the two-month lobster season opened in May 2004, fishermen began leaving the Tabernaash wharf under the cover of night, cutting loose traps belonging to their Negate rivals. Over the next eight weeks, some 3,200 traps, worth about \$75 apiece, were lost or damaged, so Tabernaash fishermen were charged with offences ranging from dangerous operation of vessels (i.e., messing) to vandalism to entering death threats.

The war went on unabated this spring. By late May, vandals had damaged a father-son lobster trap, most of them be longing to Negate boats, and one fisherman had been charged with entering them. So explosive had the situation grown that the Department of Fisheries and Oceans—in a somewhat crude act of desperation—drilly

lobstermen Seave (above) and Bruce are an opposite sides of the simmering dispute. The hostility has resulted in vandalism but no bloodshed—so far.

drew a line in the water on May 25, creating a one-kilometer-wide no-fishing zone that ran north from the Tabernaash wharf to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, within which no one is allowed to fish. The boundary has worked for the time being, says Bob Alban, the department's regional director of fisheries and aquaculture management. Incidents of messing, threats and vandalism have dropped off.

But it's no permanent fix. Those on the Negate side say DFO drew the line exactly where Tabernaash wanted it, and challenged the new boundaries in Federal Court. A judge dismissed the case, saying the beach was not creating them, saying the beach was not creating them, saying the beach was not creating them.

SUFFICE TO SAY, the dispute has driven a wedge deep into the once closely knit Ac-

dian, Irish and Scottish families who populate both towns. "I don't think there's a fisherman from here who doesn't have relatives in Negate," Jarrett Ross, looking west from the Tabernaash wharf, where his family has fished for generations. "So it doesn't just stay on the water. It carries over to communities and homes. Everyone's suffering from it."

For more than a century, the two villages have shared an identity as hard-scrabble outposts on New Brunswick's Acadian peninsula, their combined fate hanging on the perennial vagaries of weather, fish stocks and government meddling. The roughly 900 people who live in Tabernaash buy their groceries and fuel from Negate, whose 1,700-strong population base functions as the area's commercial hub. Before the feud, both sides were closely together, and their kids to the same schools, attended each other's weddings. The local phone book brims with the names of their oldest friends—Seave, Bruce, Ross and Lobbins. Today, many of those extended clans have

THE BATTLEGROUND

Anger and suspicion are taking their toll on the Acadian peninsula



Both sides claim lobster gives them rights to the disputed lobster-fishing ground

members on opposite sides of the divide.

Gabriel Seneville, a 61-year-old fisherman at the Neguac wharf, is one of them. A steady man with weathered hands, he has a distinctly dry wit, and he isn't afraid to tell it. His suspicions are justified. Ten years ago, Seneville says, he helped his brother-in-law, Ernest Robitaille, get started as a fisherman off the "Acadian" wharf, teaching him the ropes and showing him the richest lobster grounds. When the boat broke out on the water, Robitaille took with him his wharfman's name, and now, when Seneville talks his former friend's name, his grimace like his is just another walled voice.

Steering in the wharfhouse of his lobster boat, he tries to explain. "Let's say you're in a place who destroys your house," he says. "Would you feel like welcoming them into your house again? It's that simple. They [just these traps] broke and they thought last summer we were going to give to them on the road and associate with them. You can't do that." As the voice thickens in his throat up the wharf, O'Brien breaks in, one uncle-like to his 15-year-old son, Michel, a wife who no longer sees much of her sister and numerous family gatherings, and one who almost at the last day that he's not about to punch things up. "When I die," says Seneville, "I don't want him to come to my funeral."

For almost all of the fishermen, such historical grudges are a permanent condition. Where they once waved as they passed on Highway 11, the only paved road linking the two towns, they now frequently fly each

other the finger. Conversations on either wharf rapidly degenerate into epithets, punctuated by the words "greedy" and "selfish." One Tabusintac lobsterman, 35-year-old Clay Murray, spent 70 days in jail after being convicted of ramming a rival's boat, but one inside did nothing to cool his emotions. "Somebody should devote a bunch of dollars to death," he says when the topic of Neguac fishermen comes up. "Then maybe they'll quit their f---ing whining."

'THE feud doesn't just stay on the water. It carries over to community as well, and everyone's suffering.'

It's the level of animosity that makes every one feel like they have to choose sides. Several merchants in Neguac have stores of thousands of pounds and kilos when fishermen meet in their stores. At the local House Bait-a-bait, co-owner André LeGrosley finds a familiar Tabusintac fisherman alleging that a cashier discriminated against him because of where he's from. It wasn't true, says LeGrosley, but now just stay as far away from that whole thing as I can." Laurence Smith, who runs a small engine repair business, feels similarly torn. "Let's say I've got a pay from Tabusintac standing out there

and I'm talking to a guy from Neguac, back here in the shop. If I don't move right away and go to the guy from Tabusintac, who does he think? He thinks I'm with them."

Can the two sides find their way back to coexisting? For now, there are more moves of hope. With the approach of Tabusintac's Old House Week, a mid-summer celebration held every five years that draws thousands to both communities, there has been talk of a truce. "If differences from Neguac come," says Bill MacEachern, "there'll be nothing mentioned about lobster." DFO officials, meanwhile, hope to hammer out a permanent agreement this summer—possibly with the help of local barman, mediator and retired fisherman. The idea, says DFO's Altin, is to determine exactly who has been fishing where, and for how long.

But he is quick to temper expectations, citing a core of "fishheads" in each community who are looking their respective communities deeper into antagonism. "I've dealt with them personally for 10 years," Altin says. "I've been there in action and I know what they're like around the table. They can't even agree on what day of the week it is." Laurence Smith, the small-engine mechanic, declined to agree. Yes, he, like everyone else, caught up in this eternal looking glass was, desperately hopes a truce in the code. "It's divided the communities, and that's a bad situation," he says. "We have nobody to look out for what ourselves, and I think maybe what's going to come of it."

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NO MORE BLANK CHEQUES

Tim O'Neill's call to scrap the no-deficit rule is a bad idea, at a bad time

MAYBE TIM O'NEILL is just mulling out. Maybe once you're out of the Bay Street bubble, the stuff that once seemed so vitally important is just not such a big deal anymore. Or perhaps it's that he hasn't been in Ottawa long enough to know what happens when you give politicians guidelines instead of rules.

It's not O'Neill's fault. Rich as a coxswain. And when you ask economist questions, you're liable to get open and honest answers, for consideration by reasonable people. But when the finance minister asks you to review Ottawa's system of fiscal forecasting, the answer

more is in the realm of politics, not economics, and different rules apply.

O'Neill's topics on fiscal planning were raised last week, mentioning such topics as improving the accuracy and timeliness of Canadian economic data. It's full of dry, warlike, group-industry advice. And just when everybody's eyes began to close over, they came across the recommendation on page 12 that the federal government should scrap the no-deficit rule established in 1993.

Allowing Ottawa to go back into deficit? It was like suggesting the Catholic Church should be doing agnosticism. It was a direct contradiction of the central tenets of Marxist-Liberal orthodoxy. And with that, one of the shrewdest recommendations, O'Neill overshadowed everything else in his 165-page report. It was dead on arrival.

Now, to be fair, when you look closely at what O'Neill says, it's not that revolutionary. He wasn't arguing for a return to the runaway spending of the early 1990s, and he certainly wasn't saying that deficits don't matter. It's a theory that has taken hold of the crowd now inhabiting the White House. O'Neill simply suggested that government should be open to the possibility of dipping into temporary deficits, under exceptional economic circumstances, while maintaining a commitment to long-term fiscal balance. Rather than throwing a switch to black every single year, it could set budget targets to remain in surplus over the course of the 10-year years, for example.

It sounds nice in theory, but when it comes to managing Canada's finances, it'd be a disaster in practice, as our history of fiscal

profligacy can attest. And despite his good intentions, O'Neill's suggestion of fiscal laxity comes at a very dangerous time in Canadian politics. We have a minority Liberal government barely clinging to office, and vulnerable governments often try to spend their way to popularity. They don't need any more encouragement in this regard.

At last, the Liberal record of running larger-than-expected surpluses, year after year, has come under attack from the left and the right. The left consistently underestimates the extent of the year, and then use the "surplus" cash to pay down the debt. If you did the math with your own expenses, it'd be a pretty wise strategy, but when government does it, everybody goes crazy. Welcome to Canada, the only issue.

WELCOME to Canada, the one country on Earth in which the government is attacked by both the Left and the Right for being too prudent

any on Earth in which the government is attacked for being too prudent. The leftists say deficits are deliberately shortchanging social programs and the conservatives say that social programs cost too much that should never have been collected in the first place. In the debate column Tim O'Neill, retired accountant and Bay Street veteran who, in effect, sides with the union. He argues Canada should adopt guidelines like the ones in the European Union. What he doesn't mention is that many of the countries using those "flexible" rules are fiscal mugs. Britain's budget deficit hit a record high in May, and

the shortfall is on pace to exceed the \$30.6 billion (\$37.9 billion) projected at the start of the year. Both Germany and France have breached the EU's Stability and Growth Pact for the past three years in a row, with deficits of more than three per cent of their GDP. And let's not even get into Italy's fiscal mess.

In Europe, flexible rules are no rule at all. Prudence can always wait for next year. And Canada would be no different.

There are some places where loose guidelines have worked. In Australia, for example, government committed to maintaining a balanced budget over the course of several years. And, after a brief flirtation with big deficits in the mid-90s, the country has done a good job of staying on track. But Australia's debt to GDP ratio is three per cent, where at Canada's only recently fell below 40 per cent. Once our fiscal house is as tidy as Australia's, maybe then it'll be time to loosen up.

It's not always obvious how fiscal conservatism has served this country. But ask yourself this: without those stable cash cushions built into recessive budgets, would we have been able to withstand the three-year stock market plunge, the 9/11 terrorist attacks, the devastating drought, the widespread lumber collapse, and now the S&P crisis, all without breaking our economic stride or adding to our debt? Name another G8 country that has done as well.

Scrapping debt under current supports a strong currency, which helps tame inflation, which holds down interest rates. So, if you're your little mortgage payments, and how easy it was to bag it out over this year, you can get part of the credit to Ottawa's decade of fiscal caution. Ten years ago, when they're not making this up, what was the debt was settled, but we forgot easily.

Tim O'Neill can be forgiven for drawing a bad idea, but asking us if we should be unforgivable.

Read Steve March's writing, "All Business," at www.march.ca/columnists

BLOWING UP REAL GOOD

Canada's fireworks industry is booming, but there are safety issues



WHAT BETTER WAY to celebrate the ringing of the season than to gather family and friends in the backyard and ignite a product called Powder Keg? Everyone loves fireworks—if not for the effluvia, which are frequently underwhelming, then for the technological packaging, the overwrought names (Dragon's Breath, Vulcan Rainbow Mace, Storm Warning) and the inherent promise of industry contained in a party favor equipped with gunpowder and a fuse.

Consider the Burning Schoolhouse (33-25), first-decade, the highlight of Canada Day fireworks displays for the U.S.-adjacent. The metaphor has always been that, as soon as an oblique adult settles in the thug, the ring, old-fash schoolhouse would become a fair of the old and thunderous boom—perhaps accompanied by a raucous chorus of Alex Cooper's School's Out. In fact, what you get is a small flare, a faint white red, finally, a cardboard box consumed, either morosely, in a slow burn. It's only the most disappointing fireworks on the market, but every first of July, there it is in its main attraction.

In the past few years, however, thanks to a new generation of higher-quality products imported from China, the culture of

consumer fireworks available in Canada has become much more sophisticated. Sure, you can still buy the classics: the Roman candles (which shoot colored balls up into the air one at a time, producing a series of intermittent profits), the German fountain (erected cones that hiss and spray), the wheels (high pitched, spinning spinners you rotate a fuse) and the Russian fireworks (noise bombs).

But the biggest new trend in fireworks is the multi-shot cake. These are "supers," which means that, with only one fuse to light, they'll shoot a series of flaming, crackling or whirling comets or stars, creating an enormous, long-lasting, professional effect. According to the staff at Robson fireworks, one of Canada's largest fireworks retail chains, most of the top-selling cake this year is Pinetris (\$22.95), which consists of a series of 25 multicolored explosions that produce a new effect called the swimming fish. "It spreads in the air for a second and then it looks like a school of fish darting out all over the place," says Tom Jacobs, Robson's general manager. "That's definitely the most popular effect."

Then there are the showstoppers: Flame Thrower, Phantom Wan and Monster Mash,

which fire 100 continuous shots, each of them with a secondary effect such as "whizzing," "buzzing," "spinning" or "blowing." At \$48.99, they're the most expensive products Robson carries. "It's money over loud," says Allison Greenblatt, who manages one of the chain's Toronto locations. You'll also see more upgraded products. For party girls, for example, there's a new Roman candle called Party Girl, which fires a series of crackling pink and white stars. And for parents, there are special Canada Day-themed fireworks. One of them—intended for daytime use—consists of a rocket that shoots a Canadian flag 75 ft into the sky, at which point it falls down attached to a parachute.

But it's not all wholesome family recreation. This past Victoria Day weekend, the Toronto fire department reported "an alarming number" of fireworks-related incidents, including 31 fires that caused a total of \$306,341 in property damage. Most of the mischief, media footage later showed, was caused by teenagers engaging in fireworks fights in the street. "It's apparent that there were firing Roman candles at each other and armbombs," says district chief Stephen Powell. "Some areas were caused by fireworks being placed in

buildings. As to how the kids obtained the fireworks, we do not know."

For the industry—a multi-million dollar business in Canada—it's been a bit of a public relations disaster, with some people calling for a ban on fireworks altogether. "It's ridiculous," says Ross Greenblatt, spokesperson for the Canadian Pyrotechnics Council and owner of Robson. "We don't blame spray paint for graffiti." Part of the problem, he says, is that, according to the Canada Explosives Act regulations, anyone can sell consumer fireworks in small quantities without a license—which is why convenience stores tend to carry a shelf full of them by the time of July. Often, however, this means you'll find "irresponsible" vendors selling up stands on the side of a highway or selling fireworks out of the back of trucks. And they don't always obey the rules—primary among them being, no selling to minors. "We support a licensing, enforcement and regulation scenario," says Greenblatt. "We're looking to create a system whereby we know exactly who's selling fireworks and ensure they're selling according to regulations in a safe and responsible manner."

For obvious reasons, fireworks are a difficult product to manage. The potential

Burning Schoolhouse: spring up a firework

liability issues are staggering. "Insurance is astronomically expensive," says Jacobs. "It's awful. There's only one company in Canada that will insure for fireworks vendors, so as you can imagine, they charge pretty much whatever they like."

Even with the safety advice that some retailers hand out, consumers are still guaranteed to witness some do-or-would damage. Most

'ONLY ONE company in Canada will insure fireworks vendors. They charge pretty much whatever they like.'

cases of fireworks is unintentional. For instance, maybe someone places a firework upside down so it shoots into the lawn. Or maybe it's not lit as deeply enough, and it topples over and fires out across the grass, splashing the faces of onlookers. Worst-case scenario: some consumers try to "fix" defective fireworks. But in some cases, people are attacked on purpose. "I've heard of peo-

ple putting on goggles and someone of fast and running around having Roman candle fights, which is really stupid," says Jacobs. "You're not supposed to hold any fireworks in your hands, and people know that. Thank God that's a tiny, tiny portion of users." Once in a blue moon, he'll come across a particularly suspicious type. "But the people who want fireworks for nonrecreational purposes, they tend to tell you up front," he says. "They'll call and they'll say, 'I'm looking for a quantity of permanent residue.' I guess they're not very smart."

For the most part, go for enjoy fireworks responsibly. And, so far, business this year is good. People are spending more than they used to. "There is a huge number of customers who are spending over \$100 and \$300," says Jacobs. "Some are spending up to \$100 because the larger prices are really impressive and people seem to want to have their shows." The industry is even experimenting with ways to turn up the Burning Schoolhouse. "One way is to put Flash Flares in the windows," says Allison Greenblatt. "Then, as it's burning down, it lights those strobe lights and it starts to flash really brightly. That makes it more exciting." It's a start, anyway. ■



A COWBOY'S SPINE

Casey Peterson is happy to be science's guinea pig if it means he can drive again

ON A COLD, wet spring day three years ago, Casey Peterson was doing what he loves best, working the horses. A champion chuckwagon driver, Casey, then 34, was in the middle of a training run on the quarter-section he owns near rural Kellogg, Ark., when the first horse became entangled. Casey hopped off the wagon to sort them out. But before he could get back on, one horse bolted, dragging Casey, who was still holding the two sets of reins. "I would have been okay," he recalls with a shake of his head, "if I'd let go of the damn reins."

But I didn't want the horses to run away or get caught in the fence."

Casey was holed for almost half a kilometer before he fell beneath the wagon, and the wheel rolled off his leg. "At first, I thought I'd just broken my leg," he says. "No big deal. I figured I'd drag myself up to the road so someone would see me. But I couldn't move a thing. Not a finger. Not a hand. Not a muscle. I just lay there."

Casey says he wasn't in terrible pain and remained conscious. "I'm not sure what went

through my mind. I was just waiting for help." Three hours passed before a neighbor noticed two horses caught in the barbed wire fence and called Casey's father, Ryan Peterson, who lives down the road. Ryan and Casey's brother, Clint, hurried to the property. The ambulance they called became stuck in the mud at the farm gate. So the paramedics strapped Casey on a stretcher, carried him out and drove him to the local hospital. He was then

admitted to Royal University Hospital in Saskatoon, about 200 km to the west, where doctors determined he had damaged two vertebrae in his upper spine. Surgery fused the two together and inserted a metal rod in his neck. They assessed him as a complete quadriplegic and said he had little hope of recovering movement in his arms or hands. They also told him he would never walk again.

Casey didn't believe them then. He has no intention of moving now. That's why he's signed on to undergo a highly experimental—and potentially dangerous—cell transplant procedure at Ohio State aimed at helping spinal cord victims recover at least some lost mobility. Casey booked for surgery in July in October 2006—the waiting list for long-term is long—

Casey is happy experimental treatment in Ohio. Is a broken back?



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and his neighbours have begun raising money to help out. Now comes the tough part: "I wish," he says, "I could leave tomorrow."

CASEY WHEELS around in his motorized chair, pointing out the exercise and rehab equipment that fills two rooms of his farmhouse. He's dressed in the ranch garb he's always worn: blue jeans, jean jacket and a black cowboy hat. Despite being confined to a wheelchair, he looks healthy and surprisingly strong. He's worked hard for every bit of that strength.

The first thing he shows a visitor is an elongated exercise bike with electric wires extending from it. These attach to his legs and posterior, shocking the nerves and muscles into action. "It first your muscles one way and then another and that makes you pedal the bike," says Casey. "It's nice to see the legs moving again, even if it's the electricity doing it."

Next is a kind of adult jelly jumper that allows him to be vertical for up to 90 minutes at a time. "It's supposed to be good to get weight back on your feet," he says. The device is to help keep bones strong and also to alleviate another common side effect of spinal cord injuries, low blood pressure. "You have no circulation in the bottom extremities," Casey explains, "so sometimes just going from the bed to the wheelchair, you can pass out. I still have bad days when I can't see anything. It just comes black."

He heads down a corridor to an elevator he had built after the accident, one of several innovations paid for by the Saskatchewan Welfare's Compensation Board. One floor below is a specially designed weight machine. He can wheel in backwards, then pull the bars forward with his hands. At first, he could barely make them budge. Now he's pressing about 50 kg.

Casey spends up to six hours a day on the exercise machines and various stretches. His pensioner has paid off. Defying doctors' predictions, he now has the use of his fingers and can feed and dress himself. He figures he has about half his former strength back in his arms, maybe 30 percent in his hands. With that he can measure a measure of independence. On his farm, Casey oversees the feeding and care of 100 chickens and a cattle herd. He also helps out in his parents' cattle auction business down the road. After the accident, Casey didn't have the lung capacity to do much more than watch that he worked



After six hours a day on the exercise machines, he can now feed and dress himself.

with a breathing machine and now he's able to roll out the bidding for a few hours at a time, most of he pushes it.

None of this is enough for Casey. He is determined to walk again. More importantly, he wants to drive the trucks—and he's willing to do whatever it takes to realize his dream. That's why Casey was excited when

DOCTORS here are wary of Huang's surgery: the stem cell-like concept has not been proven in clinical trials

he met Dr. Della, and on the Internet about the procedure being offered by Chinese surgeon Hongyan Huang, which has reportedly helped hundreds of spinal cord victims. Canadian doctors won't endorse the operation, saying its efficacy has yet to be proven through the normal course of animal and clinical trials. As a result, Saskatchewan Health will not pay Huang's \$250,000 fee

(travel costs are extra).

The operation is, in its own way, a bit of cowboy medicine, on the edge of what most neurosurgeons deem acceptable practice. It involves taking olfactory ensheathing cells (OECs) from the nasal area of aborted fetuses, cultivating them and then injecting them into sections of the spinal cord near the site of the injury. According to Huang's website, the OECs act as a catalyst, helping damaged nerve fibres and neurons renew themselves. And while he doesn't promise to make victims of spinal cord injury walk again, Huang deems the majority of patients benefit, though, among other things, improved sensory and motor function, trunk balance and bowel and urine control. Neurosurgeons and cell therapy researchers around the globe are watching the American-trained Huang's progress closely, but

so far, Huang has declined to publish his findings in a peer-reviewed medical journal, making them impossible to verify.

OECs are not fully formed cells, the human body's primary and most pliable building blocks. But they contain stem cells and other regenerative tissue, and what Huang is attempting is not that different from some of the clinical applications envisioned by many in the field. Canadian physicians worried about them. More is learned every day from animal experiments about the potential use of adult and embryonic stem cells. The hope is they can help regenerate tissue or muscle that has been damaged by spinal cord injuries or such conditions as heart attacks, stroke, Parkinson's disease and Alzheimer's.

"There is no problem with Huang's concept," says Charles Graw, a professor of neurosurgery in the University of Toronto and one of Canada's top stem cell researchers. "The difficulty lies in extending the experiments to humans without a former base in lab animals. However, safety is a heavy and false and humane are becoming."

Take, along with others, what that operation (Dr. Huang) is not only unproven, but potentially dangerous. The risks could include further damage to the spinal cord,

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and even the possibility of implanted cells growing uncontrollably into cancerous tumors. In the absence of clinical trials, they say, people like Casey are like more than human guinea pigs.

If so, he's a willing one. Asked if he's worried about the risks involved in the Chinese surgery, Casey doesn't miss a beat. "No," he says in his clipped, to-the-point manner. "No use worrying. You go there with a positive attitude and you come out with positive results." His another is not so sanguine. "Yeah, it's scary," says Della, a tiny bundle of energy whose fingers tap the tabletop as she speaks. "But it's a choice Casey wants to take. And when he decides he's going to do something, he's going to do it. He's been like that since he was a kid."

CASEY PETERSON can't remember a life without horses. Raised on a farm not far from where he now lives, he took to the saddle as a toddler and was riding on his own by the time he entered school. At 15, Casey drove his first chuckwagon race, an experience that still brings a boyish smile to his face. "It goes in your blood," he says, "and you don't get rid of it."

From then on, Casey spent his weekends, May through September, riding the Prairie rodeo circuit while working at the family custom business during the week. He competed in the pony chuckwagon and chariot races that are a staple of small town rodeos. The animals are smaller and the wagons lighter than the ones used at major events like the Calgary Stampede. But the race itself, around an oval field—affectionately known as the "half mile of hell"—is just as fast and still dangerous. Like many drivers, Casey sounds downright loquacious when talking his horses over the years. "Uh, sprained shoulder, broken arm, broken legs. Small things like that." In August 1999, he won the world pony chuckwagon championship in Steadley Lake, Alta. He was hoping for another shot at the title when the accident occurred.

During four months of rehab at Royal University Hospital, Casey admits he wasn't a model patient. "I had a kind of men-at-work-it took him a while to change his mood, but he did. 'You realize there's a lot of stuff you can still do. You're not beaten until you're dead.'"

As always, working the horses was the key. His family rigged him up a four-wheel



Casey's neighbors in Kelowna are helping raise money for his trip to Beijing next year.

all-terrain vehicle, which quickly became his legs. He got to the quad bike from a wheelchair many of the back of the house. Once on, he can steer around the quarter-section and tend to the horses. Using hand controls, he also drives a truck. Born in only, he can operate the mechanical arms that hoist out the back of his leg for the feed. All this time, Saskatchewan's harsh climate takes a lot out of him. Like many people with a spinal cord injury, Casey has gone

"EVEN if I could just get the full use of my hands, I could strap myself in the chuckwagon and get back at 'er"

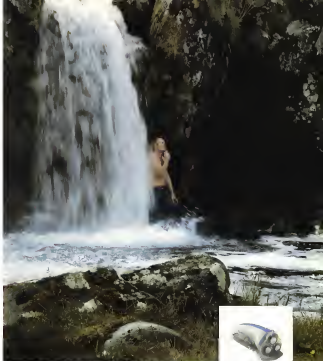
circulation and his body doesn't regulate extreme temperatures very well. In winter, he often gets a bad case of the shivers when he comes inside and has to huddle under blankets. In summer, family members sometimes have to haul him off the four-wheeler before he gives out from the heat.

There have been other setbacks along the way. When he left hospital, Casey returned to his live-in girlfriend, with whom he has a daughter, Keechie, born just five months after the accident. The couple have since split. (He has three children, ages nine to 13, from a previous marriage.) His mom, who comes over most evenings to help Casey with leg

soreness, stretch, however, at his physical progress. "You should have seen him right after the accident," she says. "He was like a sack of potatoes, no control whatsoever. If you left off his arm and let it drop, it would hit him in the head. So he comes long way. If he can come that much further again, he'll walk."

Casey knew the Chinese surgery may not be enough to do the trick. He'd been in touch with a Michigan man who went to Beijing for the procedure: he gained some upper-body mobility but remains wheelchair-bound. "Even if I could get full use of my hands that would help," says Casey. "I could strap back in the chuckwagon and get back at 'er." A few days earlier, the people who work on his farm strapped him in a wagon drawn by two horses. "I drove around for about a half hour. It was a nice feeling. Mind you, if the horses had taken a couple of jumps, they probably would have sent me away on me."

CASEY SHOWS videos his mother took of some of his races when he was around 20. There's also a clip of a fresh-faced Casey in a white shirt and wide cowboy hat earnestly explaining to a local TV host why he loves the sport. Does it hurt to watch this stuff? "I did at the start," he mumbles, "but now it isn't so bad." But what if he is never able to walk again? Casey insists he doesn't think about that. Between the Chinese operation and the records he's read about, Casey is certain something is going to break his way. "With technology as amazing as life is," he says, "one way or another, I will be walking. It's not a question of if I will, it's when I will. It's going to happen." ■



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ANKA'S BACK, **BABY!**

He's brought his swingin' style to grunge and revived his career. He's even made peace with Canada, writes JONATHAN GATEHOUSE.

PAUL ANKA IS RICH. Married enough to dress casually in handmade shirts and designer jeans, upon a tan the hue of bleached wood stain, and generally looking older and more youthful than any 63-year-old should. Sufficiently wealthy to work where and when he wants, which is about 125 nights a year. So flush that he flirty refuses to talk about just how well off he actually is, because it could only run off the "downtown people."

This explains, in part, why the Canadian government's generous offer of a 1-year airline ticket and travel fare is not of particular interest to him. On this June evening, the pre-

ferred method of travel as a chartered Cessna 441, the world's fastest business jet. His gipsy-like black SUV pulls up beside the plane on the runway, the co-pilot himself leaning out the window, we run and take off. The trip from the bright lights of Ottawa's run to his hometown of Ottawa takes just 50 minutes. The ride is barely long enough for us to scotch into the La-Z-Boy wide, fully automated seats. No one makes use of the bathroom with the 24-karat gold-plated fixtures and leather-wrapped toilet. The complimentary fruit tray is only posted at. There are more massive black SUVs waiting on tarmac, and Canadian customs clear us by phone with-

and Prince long ago made him a chevalier in the Order of Arts and Letters. He wrote the lyrics to My Way, for God's sake. It has always been, therefore, something of a sonnet at that the one place where Mr. Paul Anka didn't feel that low was back home in Canada. As a 16-year-old assistant, tapping the chain down south, he got bored off the stage in what was supposed to be his triumphant Ottawa return. Through the years, record critics have always accused him, the press less complimentary, the audience standoffish. After one particularly scathing concert review, he just stopped coming back. A 20-some year personal Cold



'WHEN NOBODY BELIEVES IN YOU, AND YOU HAVE FIRE IN YOUR GUT, YOU GET AGGRESSIVE'

us even bothering to come out to the plane to check our passports. Paul Anka doesn't fly coach, not even for the Order of Canada. This prodigal son comes home in style.

Anka can afford to wing from place to place this way because he's a success. Forty-seven years in show business, 127 albums, more than 60 million records sold, the only artist, he will remain you probably and frequently sold as the No. 1 on the Top 50 charts for five—perhaps soon to be six—consecutive decades. In the U.S. alone, he's had three Number 1's—*Swing, Lowly Boy* and *Humming My Baby*. His theme for *The Longest Day* was nominated for an Oscar. He composed *The Tonight Show* theme, although Johnny Carson claimed half the credit and royalties. He penned hits for Buddy Holly, Tim James, Barbra Streisand and Danny Ocean. He has a star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame,

“We that, to add insult to injury, most Canadians didn't even know about.” “When I got ticked off, I got ticked off,” he says as we sleep through the clouds. “As a young person, it made a huge impact on me because I was travelling all over the world as a Canadian, being accepted as an artist, and I'd come home and it would be so radically different. I didn't understand it.”

The detour started in 2002, with a charity benefit concert in Ottawa. He was paid \$100,000. A year later, he played at the Liberal party event to Jean Chrétien, wearing a special version of *My Way* for the retiring prime minister. The cruise in Niagara Falls, Ont., is back on his tour itinerary. The feeling is different now, he says—the on-lookers more appreciative, the press kinder, the public more respectful. He has accepted a star on Canada's Walk of Fame, after

years of spinning the haters. He became an officer of the Order of Canada on June 10. His new album, *Just Swings*—a quirky reworking of '50s and '60s hits by popsters like REM, Van Halen and Queen in a fat, big-band style—is being distributed worldwide by a Canadian label. It debuted at No. 16 on the pop charts (No. 2 on the jazz charts) here, and he sold 12,000 copies in just two weeks statewide. The evidence is mounting: Paul Anka is back, baby. And this time, he might even be cool.

THERE'S A WELL-EQUIPPED phalanx of media waiting outside the 5th Street stage door to David Letterman's *Late Show* studio. The bus used GMC Yukon with the tinted windows (Anka is a hippie, and Anka despises them) comes to a halt, the camera flash, and the correspondent from *Ente-*



When he was 13, the Ottawa native started performing in talent shows in a half-hour before established stars for advice on how to make the big time. Just after turning 16, he appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show* to perform his No. 1 hit, *Diana*—Anka's 16: as a teen idol had begun

beginning (telling “Russell, Russell—over here, over here,”) a voice that would make a baritone craze. This welcome wagon is for Letterman's other scheduled guest—Russell Crowe. It will be the actor's first public appearance since the NYPD led him away in handcuffs for checking a malfunctioning house phone at the head of a hotel desk.

clerk Anka makes everyone else leave the SUV. Then he bursts out of the door and rushes the wall of cameras broadcasting his call. “I'm Russell Crowe, I'm Russell Crowe,” he shouts. “Let me throw my phone away!” Inside, it's all business. Anka and his 15-piece band take the stage of the surprisingly small Ed Sullivan Theater for a sound

check. Letterman flies his studio most locker cold, and even though it's sweltering outside, the crew are wearing heavy jackets. One camerawoman has a panic. Standing in the spotlight, hands stuffed in his jeans pockets, Anka hops his head and taps his Cuban heeled boots on the brass auction tarmac. “Oh, I feel my nipples,” he

complain "I didn't even know I had nipples."

Arka wanted to do his hand-swinging, full-throated version of Bob Dylan's *It's My Life*, a song that he and his band really took on. But the producers have overruled him, opting instead for November's *Smile Like You Mean It*. He and the band run through it three times, but it still spatters a bit at the beginning. Arka doesn't know it that well and needs cue cards. He's game, the soccer-star's great, but the singularity of the lyrics—"A malaise, an aches, a monique, my billybob"—is hard to cartwheel when they're being instead of someone. He looks embarrassed.

Rock singing is a bit hot and cold that way. Some stars, such as *It's My Life* and Van Halen's jump, seemlessly slide into the genre, and frankly, sound a hell of a lot better than the originals. Others, like *Wonderwall* by Oasis and Michael Jackson's *The Way You Make Me Feel*, are more insidious, working away from years and memory with each play. Then there are the grunge tracks like *Three Stages* and Soundgarden's *Blackhole Sun*. Some things you never get used to.

Arka is comfortable about one thing, though. The album might be lecherous, but it's not a joke. "This isn't Pat Boone doing heavy metal—this is a novelty," he says in a voice dripping with disdain for his former teen idol competitors. Arka knows singing, having recorded a couple of albums of standards early on in his career, when he was making the transition from pop to nightclub. He headlined at the Copa and in Vegas, pulling around with the Rat Pack (a retro-cool connection that he is shamelessly shilling as he promotes the new disc).

Put aside the fact that the idea for a swing album came from a group of German investors—mostly doctors and lawyers—looking to lose some money (The German government apparently offers an attractive tax credit for film as a marketing ploy), Arka was the one who decided to mine the '60s and '80s instead of the American songbook. He pored over the charts, selected the tunes, and roughed out the treatments in the studio attached to his L.A. home. Then he assembled a cast of old-time arrangers and top-flight jazz musicians to refine and record them. Some songs didn't make the final cut. It's One's was "too monotonous," and Arka couldn't sing *Billie Jean* without laughing. But those that remained, he says, have "a regency, a wordiness of his."

The statement is being rewarded. There's

a buzz about the project. On this day, the *New York Times* has a front-page piece. A morning interview with Howard Stern went on for 45 minutes, and people have been calling him all day long to rave about it. "He got right down to the size of my penis and how big Frank Sinatra was—it was so low," he tells me. "It was the best interview." Letterman's people have taken notice, upgrading him from just a performance to some couch time. Now, as he waits for the *Late Show* taping to begin, various second-company types are crowded in to his tiny sixth-floor dressing room vigorously blowing smoke at his presence. The reaction is "amiable," he's told. The exposure—being on the same show where Crews will make a contrite apology for his bad-boy behavior—is "golden." Arka is back in a comfortable place. He played the old Sullivan show dozens of times. "The whole atmosphere, the whole vibe" is the same, he says. Sitting beneath framed photos of Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones and Chubby Checker, he pushes the tips of his fingers together, smiles and gives us the warden from the museum. "I always said that if anyone has any musical intelligence, they'll get this. And people are getting it."

THERE'S A SCENE in *Lowly Boy*, the National Film Board's dandy black and white documentary, in which the camera follows Arka from his backstage dressing room to the stage of New York's famed Copacabana. Pressing through the kitchen, he then 19-year old James Jones, the club's tough guy manager, from men talking on the phone. Arka smiles, greets "Uncle Julio" with a hug and himself lost, and then, as Jones reaches for a fresh cigarette, the young singer whips a lighter from his pocket to do the honors. The moment is perfect in its unconsciousness. (Even more so when you know that Arka has never, ever smoked.) And it encapsulates everything that the Canadian press and public find so easy to hate about the building superstar.

"Although any Canadian can be accused for shuddering at the thought, our best-known countryman abroad is indisputably a quiet, beleaguered rock 'n' roll singer named Paul Anka," Maclean's buffed in a 1962 cover story. It was as bad as the worst, Shirley Maes, was pinning "The world's reigning juvenile" as some sort of teen pop despot. "Like any dictator, Anka is arrogant and consumed by his own self-confidence," she



proclaims. Though one positive note about his onstage performance is allowed: "Unlike most rock 'n' roll singers he doesn't use epileptic hip movement."

Arbanian has always been viewed with a certain suspicion in this country. Especially the kind of obsessive, almost pathological drive that fueled his 1962 cover story. As a 13- and 14-year-old in Ottawa, he would stand the family car and sneak across the river to Hull, Que., to perform in talent con-



Anka—shown (clockwise from top left) in his *Late Night* dressing room, with Letterman's musical director, fellow Canuck Paul Shaffer, walking in Toronto on the chartered jet—has released 127 albums, sold more than 60 million records, and hit Billboard's Top 50 five decades in a row.

tain, or he'd beenhole singers like Terry Bennett (backstage for advice on how to make the big time. Just after his 15th birthday, he said his manager got so angry to buy an extra ticket to L.A. to push his first composition to record company. He worked his way through the phone book until someone agreed to let him out a demo. "The song,

When the Saints Go Marching In, flopped. Underwood, he returned home for school in the fall, began building up another wardrobe and kept writing. That spring—April 1957—he flew to New York and brought an appointment with a producer at ABC-Paramount records. He played out four songs on the piano, and they signed him on the spot. The next day, he was

in the studio cutting *Ocean*, a song of an engaged love inspired by another, slightly older member of Ottawa's Lebanese community it were to No. 1. In September, let the more than a month after his 16th birthday, he was singing it on *Ed Sullivan*.

For most artists, that's probably where the story would end. But Anka never saw

himself as a one-hit wonder. He was always stridently agnostic, even at the point in his career where few others shared his opinion. "When nobody believes in you, and you've got that free-your-gut, you-got-aggravate," he says. "I found my own ways to keep my character in the forefront." So, the judge, admittedly dimmed down, got a new job, wrote more hits and transformed himself into a teen idol. When the public, and his record company, kind of that star, he bought the rights to hold songs (he won \$248,000 he ever spent) and quickly changed into a swinging nightclub performer.

It's been like that for decades now. Whenever there's a slump, he finds a way to reinvent himself. In the mid-'70s it was with *Having My Baby*, a saccharine ode to paternity that somehow missed the air of the feminist movement. It soundly surfaced on people's covers over songs like—but made Anka a whopper big pile of money. In the late 1990s, it was with *Angin*, a platinum

There was also one story that should have made a big splash, but didn't: his 2001 divorce from Anne, his wife of 37 years. In an age where every split is tabloid fodder, Anka was determined to keep his private life just that. "We were in the same office where Don Cruise was going through his divorce," he says. "That was a war. And I just said, 'That ain't us.' We had one lawyer." He gave her the art collection and the wine cellar. "None of this down-the-middle stuff." Anka has a new companion now, Karen Moore, a pleasant, thirty-something blond who used to be his employee. She's travelling with him as he promotes the album, caring for their new show puppy, Coco—in a Chanel.

Anka says the divorce wasn't really a factor in this latest reinvention and his quest to hit the Top 10 charts again. "Art has to rise," Anka says provisionally when asked why someone so rich and successful is still so hungry for a hit. "I know what I'm doing at this point in my life. Twenty years ago

in, 'You can't put on the brasses, Doc!' That's a bit of a moment for Anka. There's only one way to do things—the right way. His way. The audience gets what it came for. On the East Coast, he takes the show to the local demographic and sings some songs in Italian. Out west, he includes the hits that were in his life. And that's why he starts the show's special (airing on July 12) the same way he does most every show, with Anne, his first and biggest hit. "That first 10 minutes when you walk in the room are crucial—you set the tone," he says. "You can't tough it off. You can't take the psychache and run. I learned that a long time ago." He smiles wistfully, shakes his head and teaches people as he walks and sings. Between the success of the new album and the classic—there's some slightly blue Vegas patter. Julia about Clinton's infidelities. A nod to his five daughters. "I know what PMIs stands for. Paul McCartney. When the band strikes up *Pat Your Head on My Shoulder*, he pulls a



'I DON'T WRITE FOR A PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL FOLLOWING. I'M A PEOPLE'S WRITER.'

selling album of Spanish duets with big-name Hispanic artists. Then came his English-language follow-up, *A Study in Work*, in which he reworked his classics with stars like Celine Dion, Tim Jones and an already-dead-in-the-grave Frank Sinatra. "I get into that surreal mode years ago," Anka says. "I don't write for a pseudo-intellectual following. I'm a people's writer."

Even when his name isn't on the charts, it has frequently been in the news. There was the Ottawa Senators issue, when a deal to make him the lifetime inventor of the NHL expansion franchise collapsed, spawning a headline-grabbing court case and further poisoning the business waters. In 1996, he was hit hardest for malpractice after a crown court case and drew fire to the audience during a performance at Bell's Las Vegas, forcing him to stop the show.

could I have done it? Would I have had the balls? Probably not." If the guys who review *Rock Swings*, or play it on the radio, think it's a giggle, all the better. "People have chuckled at me all throughout my career." And more often than not it's Anka who's had the last laugh. All the way to the bank.

AN HOUR AND A HALF under the TV lights, 45 songs efficiently and charismatically committed to tape for an upcoming live! special, one happy audience dispersed to their homes, and Paul Anka is obscuring about two words. Somewhere in the middle of rapping the roof off the network's downtown Toronto studios, he left them out of his *My Life*. No one else noticed, but that doesn't make it okay. He's already figuring out how to rearrange someone's packed schedule so he can rap backward duos them

middle-aged women out of the first row and husband or just that, screaming as they dance. That sort of a notion to discard in one reason Anka has lasted so long. It's also why he has a reputation for sometimes being a pain in the ass. He can be hard, occasionally cruel, to those who work for him. There's an infamous recording session that's making the rounds on the Internet: The explosive-loud studio—following a less-than-stellar gig a dozen or so years ago—goes on for more than 10 minutes. Anka goes up one side of his band and down the other, screaming about missed cues, sloppy drums, bad attitudes. "In my warning you, I'm the only important one on stage," he shouts at one point. "You guys are on thin ice. And when I'm long gone, I'm long dead, like a hammer." But that's not a tale of Anka; his fans are likely to encounter. The *Lonely Boy* dou-

mentary is filled with footage of him chatting amiably with his public, bestowing choice kisses, appearing to genuinely enjoy the adulation. Almost 50 years later, it's still the same. Whenever he goes, his personal assistant always at the ready with bagfuls of with photos and CDs to give away and shapies with which to sign them. At a recent guest session in a record store near New York's Lincoln Center, 1 word Anka spends 1½ hours posing for photos and signing everything that's thrust in front of him. Many of the fans remind him of the ones they have met before, in Atlantic City, Vegas, Florida. He nods, smiles, and pretends to remember. One woman, with strands of grey running through her long, dark hair, is shaking and near tears. "I've been waiting since I was 13 to meet him," says the Agnelli, now 38. *Pat Your Head on My Shoulder* was her

His Order of Canada however is part of Anka's reconciliation with a home that spawned him. favourite song growing up in Guatemala. Among two kids alone in New York, holding down two jobs, the never had the time or the money to go to an Anka show. "Thought she'd look off sick to death," he says. "It's ironic that she's so happy." Anka says. Later that evening, on the private jetting, looking toward Ottawa, Anka was philosophizing about where he's been, and where he might still be going. That's his steady chatter about a *Rock Swings 2*, but he's worried that might be taking the fans—new and old—for granted. And while he's thrilled with the New York accolades, in the conversation

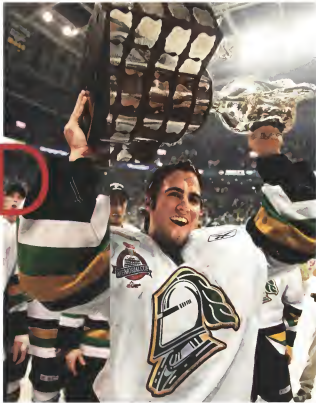
unfolds it becomes clear that the next morning's ceremony at Rideau Hall is a much bigger deal. Anka made a point of mentioning it can be changed with Lesperance after his song, then lay awake in his bed half the night worrying that he got the date wrong. This rush of recognition, the sudden upkick in respect, has been a long time coming. "Maybe I've grown up. Maybe I've run that race that they want you to run. Okay, longevity, now you deserve our support," he says with a laugh. "Whatever it is, everybody is embracing each other." What does he get for the guy who has everything? A little bit of the love, it seems. Just in time for Canada Day. **W**

phot: Tom Scharf/Steve Delaney/Reporters

ON THE WEB See photos of Anka at Canada's Walk of Fame and listen to highlights from the new album. www.mcafrance.ca/anka

THE GOOD STUFF

Steve Nash is the NBA's MVP, Toronto's Natalie Glebova is Miss Universe, and Paul Anka is back, and cool again. But there's a lot more to be proud of this Canada Day. From unlikely comebacks to unheralded breakthroughs, Maclean's presents a random collection of people and things worth celebrating.



JUNIOR HOCKEY GETS ITS DUE

More a halo than a pedestal. With this blunt assessment on the eve of the cancellation of the 2004-05 season, Hall of Fame goaltender Ken Dryden summed up the country's waning attachment to NHL hockey, so far has the league declined in quality and fan appeal. But as the lockout dragged into May, fans were discovering a hockey world more worthy of their adoration. Junior—with its former pizzazz, exuberant young players and homegrown atmospherics—was hot.

It was a timely coincidence for both fans and the junior leagues. Just when the Stanley Cup might have been awarded, record audiences were glued to their TVs to watch a Memorial Cup final featuring two of the most successful teams in major junior history—the London Knights of the Ontario Hockey League and Quebec's Rimouski Océaniques. The Knights set numerous records during an astonishing season, going 31 games unbeaten from the start of the season and finishing with a 39-7-2 record. The Océaniques, meanwhile, had one of the most spectacular prospects in decades in 17-year-old Sidney Crosby and he amassed 26 game unbeaten streak of their own. Tickets for the dramatic final between the Knights and Océaniques were commanding \$580 apiece, and 825,000 tuned in to watch from home. London won big in the end and the final score was 4-0 and the tournament drew crowds totalling 71,260.

It was the second four de force for junior in 2003. At the start of the year, a hand-picked squad of Canadians electrified the country by being named to the world junior hockey championship in North Dakota, led by Crosby and another big star, Corey Perry. Today, fans might rightly wonder where those kids have been hiding. No lockouts. No winning owners. No scared millionaire players. MAKES YOU WITH THEM? NEVER GROW UP, DOESN'T IT?

CHARLIE GELUS

A PLACE TO REMEMBER

The big party on July 1 is on Parliament Hill as it should be for a national celebration. But this year there's a new must-see destination for visitors to the capital for the annual bash: the Canadian War Museum, a pleasant stroll west of the Peace Tower along the Ottawa River. The museum opened in early May and has already proven to be a crowd-pleaser, attracting as many visitors in its first month as its old, much smaller digs, tucked in beside the National Gallery of Canada, did in a year. The exhibitions of military hardware dole love up and war art (an underappreciated cultural treasure) find a rich family setting.

It's all housed in a remarkable building that's worthing on its own: a moody, low-slunged, minimalist space by architect Raymond Moriyama and Alexander Shankin. And this happens to be a prime moment to take stock of Canada's military past—or look ahead to the future. Only a few days before the new museum opened it doors, tens of thousands of people in the Dutch town of Wageningen cheered as Canadian veterans marched through the streets. They'd landed 60 years ago, when the German army surrendered. Meanwhile, federal spending plans are generating optimism that the military legacy those proud Second World War vets represent isn't a thing of Canada's past. This year's budget pumps \$32.5 billion over the next five years into defense, the biggest hike in military spending in two decades.

JOHN DEBODES

THE LOONIE HITS THE SWEET SPOT

Not too hot, and not too cold. That's how we like our dollar, but it rarely seems to work out that way. We panic when it's plunging, as it did in 1980 and 1992. We rejoice when it's where it is, but it's not too hot, like it did in 2003. Well, this year the loonie finally obliged, settling into that elusive sweet spot. After a blistering 21-per-cent rise in 2003 and another 7.3-per-cent jump in 2004, the old 1-dollar bill levelled off in 2005. And by holding at around 150¢ cents, the currency has managed to give us the best of both worlds.

The cooling provided a reprieve to Canada's embattled exporters, who've held under the pressure of a surging dollar in the past couple of years. A rising loonie hurts exports because it cuts the proceeds of goods sold abroad, while operating expenses (denominated in Canadian dollars) hold steady.

At the same time, the loonie managed to



Secrets with artificial insemination in Calgary birds well for whooping cranes

hold most of its recent gains, putting an end to "earn-burn-panic" jokes. It's making economic productivity, and making head to the U.S. a whole lot cheaper. As an added bonus, the dollar has posted a solid 8.5 per cent gain against the euro this year as well. It all adds up to a better standard of living for Canadians, more buying power, and an optimistic sign for the future of our economy.

STEVE MARCH

MAKING WHOOPERS WITHOUT MAKING WHOOPEE

Call it a test-tube whooper, or perhaps a new meaning for the turkey baster. In late May, the first whooping crane chick conceived using artificial insemination hatched at the Calgary Zoo and within a few days, three more were born. Whoopers, as they are affectionately called, today number roughly 450 worldwide. That makes them one of the world's most endangered species, but it's a huge improvement from the 1940s, when the population fell to about 20 birds.

With its sinking snowy white feathers and tall stature—a male can measure 1.5 m high—the whooping crane is a spectacular bird. Its flight is extraordinary: it involves spiralling upward with thermal drafts and then gliding downward, an oddly energy-efficient style that allows it to travel as much as 750 km without a rest. But one of the whooping crane's most remarkable features is its elaborate courtship ritual. Adult males perform a dance routine, bobbing, weaving and jumping at each other. The pair may accompany their courtship with a call made in unison, like singing a duet. But in captivity, sadly, the birds are reluctant to mate, says Dwight Knapp, the Calgary Zoo's crane-keeper. In fact, only one pair of the zoo's 20 birds has had chicks. "We don't have a good handle on why it's so difficult to get them to breed in captivity," he says.

Artificial insemination, which has been successful in yaks and even the U.S., is the answer. There's better genetic diversity among captive birds than wild ones, Knapp explains, and the goal is to create more offspring from the captive groups that over time can be used to expand the gene pools of wild flocks. AI is a complicated procedure, requiring



By holding at around 150¢ cents, the dollar has managed to give us the best of both worlds



The new Canadian War Museum's lower decks are packed with displays of military hardware

two people—one to hold the bird and message its upper thigh and the other to collect semen. But it's well worth it, says Knapp. This year, three of the four chicks survived, he says. "They are just stretching out and growing like weeds."

KATHERINE HADLEY

BABEWATCH: NOW WITH MORE BABES

Soon after being "discovered" winning a lottery like *Leah's Blue T-shirt* at a B.C. Lions game in 1998, Pamela Anderson set off a prime-time revolution. Three seasons as *Tim Allen's Third Time Girl* on *Home Improvement* led to the role in a real one piece on *Baywatch* that made her famous. Say what you will, but Pam's success turned Hollywood talent scouts on to Canada, sending them rushing over the border in search of the next hot thing from the North.

Flip through the channels these days and it's pretty clear there was no shortage. We compile a list about Canadian TV—it's never homey enough, smart enough or sexy enough. Maybe that's because most of our homegrown starlets have headed south—and they've never looked better on the small screen. Tune in to the major networks on any night of the week and take your pick: There's *Everett* Lily running around in a dirty (and often wet) T-shirt in *Lost*; Sarah Chalke getting laughs in *Scrubs*; Kelly Rowland as very money-high-powered publishing executive with a drinking problem on *The G.C.*; Kristin Kreuk playing hard to get with Clark Kent in *Smallville*; Sandra Oh turning heads as a surgical intern in *Grey's Anatomy*; Molly Parker in the raunchy Western drama *Deadwood*; even Anderson, back on the boob tube as the star of *Stuck in the Middle* of them as our very own Golden Girls—thankfully they're a lot better than the originals.

JANIS HINE

STICKIN' IT TO KRISPY KREME

They may not have mastered the double-double lingo yet, but Americans have taken to Tim Hortons like, well, a sweet tooth takes to Timbals. Since it expanded south of the border, Canada's coffee king has proven to be the exception to a depressingly standard rule of Canadian exports: nothing in the U.S. But in Tim's case, it hasn't just survived in the notoriously competitive U.S. fast-food market, it's thriving. Its end-loop sales last year were up an impressive 39 per cent, and it continues to expand at a steady pace. There are now more than 250 Tim Hortons coffee shops across the northwest and midwest states, with an ambitious goal to double that number within a couple of years; if the company succeeds, it will be among the fastest-growing fast-food chains in North America.

Tim's was founded in 1964 in Hamilton by Tim Horton, then a Toronto Maple Leafs star. A defenseman who played in the 1960s for 22 years, Horton was tragically killed in a car crash when he was only 44. But his partner, Ron Joyce, carried on as sole owner until 1999 when, with a franchise business of 1,080 shops, he sold to Wendy's International. Perhaps part of its secret recipe for success in the U.S. is that the chain continues to function as a Canadian entity, separate from its parent company. Even the dough for its signature apple fritters, blintzes and other baked goods is prepared in Canada. Last year, Tim's was responsible for a quarter of Wendy's total sales and almost half its profits, making the formerly fast-food joint popular with both investors and snackers. Now that's a double-double.

K.M.



(From top) Rowland, Oh, Parker and Orloff Lily are among a new crop of homegrown actresses making it big on American TV.

Canada's coffee king is brewing up a storm south of the border.



A STEP TOWARD REAL COMPASSION

The series of disaster and disaster that followed Airl's Boring Bay tsunami had at least one positive consequence: they opened our eyes to the extreme poverty in which much of the planet still exists, and brought an outpouring of generosity from citizens of the world's rich nations.

Obama responded with a drastic change in the federal government's approach to foreign aid. Over the next few years, the federal government will begin concentrating all of its

foreign aid spending on a short list of about 25 nations where poverty is extreme and the opportunity for improvement is great. Done from the roster of recipients are countries such as China, which many thought shouldn't have been getting aid in the first place, given its rapid economic growth. That should leave more for the poorest recipients, like Tanzania, Zambia and Sri Lanka.

This means as and to the drop-in-the-bucket approach to foreign aid, and a new sense of optimism in Canada's official aid organizations. "We will do more of what we're good at in places where Canada can make a



Rick Ross and compelling material make Boyden's saga an essential read.

difference," Foreign Affairs Minister Stephen Pettigrew said in April when he announced the new program.

The next big step is getting the Liberal government to commit to spending 7 per cent of Canada's gross domestic product on focused and effective foreign aid by 2015. It won't be easy—like almost all other rich nations, Canada isn't even close to that mark. But in June, all parties endorsed the idea—meaning increased foreign aid is now one of the only issues that this fractious minority Parliament could agree on. That's progress.

STEVE MARCH

NEW HOPE IN THE BATTLE AGAINST TWO TERRIFYING VIRUSES

The mere mention of their names is chilling: Ebola and Marburg—they're two of the most fearsome viruses known, hemorrhagic fevers that kill upwards of 90 per cent of those who contract them. Now, thanks to a breakthrough at Canada's National Microbiology Laboratory in Winnipeg, there's hope we can vanquish them.

Vaccines for both viruses have been discovered, and while it will be at least five years before they can be tested extensively in humans, they may help rescue the endangered western lowland gorilla and the central chimpanzee that inhabit the Republic of Congo and Gabon, and are disappearing under the effects of a viral siege.

The Winnipeg lab opened in 1999 and is now part of the Public Health Agency of Canada. It's a level-four facility, the most secure there is, when it comes to protecting scientists against the world's most dangerous microbes. The lab has attracted the likes of Dr. Heinz Feldmann from Germany, internationally regarded as a leading expert on hemorrhagic fevers, and England's Steven Jones, acting chief of virology at the College and head of immunology at the lab. Together, Feldmann and Jones showed that their vaccines protected 200 per cent of mice from against Marburg and Ebola virus, giving huge insights. The U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases in Maryland then did the necessary confirmation in monkeys.

A recent Marburg outbreak in Angola illustrates what doctors are up against. To date, the disease has infected 423 patients there—killing 256. Researchers have taken note, says Kelly Kevill, a spokeswoman at the Winnipeg lab. The work in Canada still has a ways to go, but represents a monumental first step against two of the world's most terrifying killer bugs.

DANIEL HANDELKHA

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL GETS A NEW FACE

It's impossible to guess where the Great Canadian Novel, should it ever be written, will end, but there's a very good chance it won't be in Canada. The eternal Canadian novel, after all—the one we keep writing over and over again—is set across the Atlantic, against the carnage of the Western Front. No surprise there. The Great War occupies a profoundly enigmatic place in Canada's psyche, both slayer and savior of the young and cradle of the nation.

New Jersey Boyden, in a superb First World War novel, has brought the almost forgotten First Nations' contribution to the fore in *Three Day Road*. After the war, the wounded Xavier travels home to the lands with his old war horse. Their three-day canoe trip, during which Xavier's memories of himself and his fellow Cree warrior Elijah Misagagagagag emerge, parallels the Ojibwa belief in the soul's three-day journey from the body to the spirit world.

The novel is partly a tribute to French-Canadian poet, a real-life Ojibwa

way sniper who snarled the war intact—and with an astonishing record of 378 enemy kills. That's certainly something worth listening to for Rogers, who is acutely attuned to the "big part played in my life by the small part of my ancestry that's alive." But Mike Rogers, 65, grew up in Toronto, but spent his childhood summers near Georgian Bay, Ont., and often visited local reserves.

The extraordinary richness of Rogers' prose and his material, both as the forgotten history he's recovered and his electric metaphors, make *Three Day Week* one of the finest novels in an already rich national tradition. **KIRAN KIRKPAKE**

GOODBYE TO THE ONE-PARTY STATE

Federal politics stink, right? Corruption is rampant. Parliament is a farce. The leaders are not leading. Actually wrong on all those counts.

The sponsorship scandal, serious though it is, dates back to the last administration. The current one is set up the judicial inquiry into it—hard to take that away from Paul Martin. Thus, there's been some laundry-dramatizing about the House today, but a self-serving Stromschi decision here and a botched Gomul recording there does not a dysfunctional Parliament make.

Remember the dispiriting Ottawa landscape of the 1980s? Jean Chretien's Liberals were really the only game in town. Today, while Stephen Harper might not score high on the fun-guy index, he's a proven coalition-builder who presides over a credible government-in-waiting—something Preston Manning and Stockwell Day could never truly claim and if Jack Layton hasn't shed his treasonous air of lefty indignation, he has displayed a dogged effectiveness that lifts the NDP above its marginal status under Audrey McLaughlin and Klaus Finkelstein.

And there's Martin. His chronically awkward way with words may prevent him from ever truly connecting with Canadians, but lately he's shown some of the wherewithal to take pragmatism to all-around best (United FUS) to get things done. Overall, not to bad. And compared with Canada's uninspired campaigns, even better. George W. Bush's main domestic priority (social security reform) is stalled, and his top foreign file (Iraq, of course) looks, well, quagmired. And don't get us started on those reformer-scarched Euro-leaders. On balance, we'll take our guys. **JOHN GEDDES**

OUR FIRST LADY OF MEMORY

When you're a living legend in science, honours tend to pile up. That's the way it's long been for Brenda Milner, 66, whose distinguished research career as a behavioural neuroscientist spans more than five decades and continues today at the Montreal Neurological Institute. But when you are chosen for three posthumous awards in the span of 12 months, that's something special, even for the woman widely re-



it's been pretty nasty at times, but we got our first taste of real opposition in Parliament

known as a founder of cognitive neuroscience.

Every three years, the National Academy of Sciences in Washington hands out its coveted US\$25,000 NAS Award in the Neurosciences. Last year, it went to Milner, "for her pioneering and seminal investigations of the functioning of the temporal lobes and other brain regions in learning, memory, and speech." This, in 1971. In 1972, Governor General Adrienne Clarkson awarded Milner to the highest level with the Order of Canada. And in April, it was announced Milner will receive the prestigious Gairdner Award in Toronto, whose recipients frequently go on to win a Nobel Prize.

It's been said that Milner and memory are synonymous. For several decades, she studied a patient it's known only as H.M. He could never remember meeting her, nor could he recall the drawing exercises she utilized to study what was, or wasn't, going on in H.M.'s brain. He became famous within the scientific community, and helped Milner explain different ways in which memory works. Today, Milner remains a mentor to students at Montreal's McGill University, and she is still at the cutting edge of her discipline, using powerful brain-imaging technology to figure out which part of the brain remembers the location of objects.

Milner has taught us how memory works and we'll always remember her for it.

DANYLO HIRWALSHIRA



Milner is widely regarded as a key researcher in the study of how we remember

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THE LAST GLIMMERINGS OF SMALL-TOWN LIFE

Three top photographers document the struggles—and spirit—of rural Canadians



To begin, the couple symbolizes Theodore's aging population, and the girl (top), all hope for survival



IN MANY OF CANADA'S SMALL TOWNS, a traditional way of life is disappearing. For residents determined to stay on, it can be an uphill battle. For the most part, mainstream media pay scant attention to

their struggles to reconstruct their communities and their lives—on overnight the Legacy project addresses. In partnership with Medeiros, CBC Television created a competition challenging three of Canada's



finest documentary still photographers to create the photo essay that best illustrates the story. For one week last fall, Marco Ackerman went to Hamilton, B.C., hard hit by the closing of the local sawmill; Benoit

Aguin-Girardin contributed to Macdonald's work in Theodora, Sask., the epicentre of rural decline in Canada; and David Trubian went to Fogo Island, Nfld., where the cod fishery has collapsed. CBC crews



Ackerman finds laughter at an auction—but little going on at Macdonald's main intersection (top)



Working hunters seek moose and deer; a tree killer out of work since 2001 is left in thought (top)



filmed the three at work, and the subsequent judging by Stephen Gager, a Toronto gallery owner, Lesley Sparks, a photo educator and freelance editor, and Andrew Tolson, Maclean's director of photog-

raphy. The result is an hour-long documentary that CBC will televise nationally at 8 p.m. on July 1. While the judges decided that Ackerman best fulfilled the contest's mandate, Tolson says there really are



no losers. "All of the photography is stunning," he adds. A sample of Aquino's work opens this selection from the legacy project photos by Ackerman on preceding pages and by Trillies here and opposite.

ON THE WEB To view more legacy project images by these photographers, visit www.macleans.ca/gallery.



On Fogo Island, one family no longer fishes after six generations and a community quietly fades (top)



Still, Trillies encourages high spirits, at an innovative seafood co-op and at a wedding (top)

LIVE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Director James Cameron is making a daring, risky, high-tech expedition to the ruins of RMS Titanic

ON JUNE 28, the Akademik Keldysh, the world's biggest research ship, will slow her engines and come to anchor in the North Atlantic Ocean, 600 km southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland. She will run some 4,000 m above the rusting ruins of RMS Titanic, the fabled liner that struck an iceberg and sank in 1912, taking more than 1,500 souls with her.

During the following four weeks, the Keldysh, operated by the Russian Academy of Sciences, will launch two US\$30-million research submersibles that will make five tandem dives and

spend more than 100 hours exploring and filming the wreck. Technically, the dives will be among the most daring ever conducted in the deep ocean. After landing on Titanic's bow, pilots inside the subs will fly into rubble through open cargo hatches and stairwells and attempt to reach the last unseen spaces of the "disposal chutes." Seven video cameras mounted on the subs and the robots will record the dives and send a constant stream of images to the surface. The video and acoustic data will travel up through a pair of fiber-optic cables at a speed of light. The last dive, scheduled for July 24, will include a two-hour live broadcast to be shown on the Discovery Channel.

The man behind the project is Kapitaniuk, Ont.-born director James Cameron. Known for his blockbuster movies *Alien*, *The Abyss*, *The Terminator* and the Academy Award-winning *Titanic*, Cameron is also a serious deep-sea explorer. Since 1995, he has organized expeditions to document the sunken German battleship *Bismarck* and deep-sea hydrothermal vents in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. He's made 24 dives on the *Titanic*, spent more time on the ship than the passengers and seen more after-impact interaction than Captain R.J. Smith, who went down with his ship. So why, 10 years after the first

but eyes on her, is he going back? There are many reasons, but the most important is that exploration—new, ancient and risky—is a passion Cameron wants to share.

"It's one thing to just together a project where science and technology lead to new discoveries," he says. "It's quite another to do it in front of millions of people. During our first dives on *Titanic* in 1995, we didn't have the right tools and only scratched the surface. In 2001, we didn't have the experience and did the easy stuff. Now, we've got the right tools and the experience to explore the innermost *Titanic*."

Last December, the Discovery Channel in Washington approached Cameron through his documentary film company Earthling Productions and asked if he was interested in a project to celebrate the broadcaster's 20th anniversary. Cameron was reluctant at first because he was working on his coming feature film, *Battle Angel*. However, he knew that Cameron was dipping *Titanic*'s huge steel hull and this might be a final chance to record her once opulent interior. He also felt a responsibility to the ship that changed his life. Cameron finally agreed, but only if he could do something no one had ever attempted—a live broadcast from the bow of the North Atlantic.



For Cameron, "going live" meant designing and building a new sea floor-to-surface communication system more than 8,000 m in length. Its control feature is a pair of fiber-optic cables, each in the submersible's hull. The big challenge in making this complex electronic



work is that ocean waves and contrary currents will keep the research ship and the sub in constant motion, especially when the subs are making their 4,000 m descents. The cable must be maintained at just the right tension or it will break. There is also the risk of entangling the subs. From the

time the subs leave the surface, the success of each dive hangs on one giant thread. Cameron is willing to take the risk. He is planning to co-host the broadcast from a sub parked on the *Titanic*'s bow deck as he pilots one of the pairs about down the Grand Staircase into unexplored rooms. If his

Cameron agreed to the project—in which he'll pilot a mini-robot—because consensus is finally shattering the huge steel hull.

speed of light system works, he will be able to apply it anywhere in the ocean on future projects. He also knows that somewhere deep inside the wreckage of RMS *Titanic*'s rusted universe of rusting steel plates, bulkheads and beams, something incredible is waiting to be seen. "It would be fantastic to fly down the elevator shafts all the way to F-deck," he says, "to try and find Molly Brown's cabin and the crew briefing spaces. Maybe we should take a man at the Herald in the second cargo hold. That time we have a smaller robot and it might be possible to find it."

To help sell the story, Cameron has assembled a 50-person team that includes Titanic historians, marine engineers and robot pilots. If successful, the two-hour live broadcast will give viewers a grand tour of *Titanic*, including the photohatch, the bow deck and

"IN 2001 we didn't have the experience. Now we've got the right tools and experience to explore the innermost wreck."

the Marconi Room and then, for the first time, take them into the furthest of her interior. The program will be supported with vivid computer graphics, 3D reconstructions and scenes from Cameron's Hollywood movie.

In 1912, *Titanic* was a black and white monolith, 268 m long, 31 m high and as wide as a four-lane highway. Today her miles of corridors and hundreds of rooms are forever dark, her sweeping escape routes of steel and portholes covered with streams of rust that look like deep scales. Scientists estimate that within decades, bacteria-driven corrosion will turn her vast iron skeleton into something no longer recognizable as a shipwreck. Even if the fiber-optic links fail, when Cameron and his team are on the sea, the sun does not set, and no one can see the sun from the subs. They may get as far as the innermost look at the Mount Everest of shipwrecks.

Dr. Joe MacLeans is a physician, scientist and author who is accompanying the Discovery Channel expedition to report on James Cameron's latest deep-sea adventure.

MONOPLEX MELTDOWN

As theatre chains merge, Hollywood needs a saviour—will it be zombies, aliens or wedding crashers?



WENT TO THE MULTIPLEX The other night to see the new *Star Wars*. Made my way through the video arcade, through the waiting areas of Burger King, Taco Bell and New York Pies (made, as the lights went down, I watched scenes of a guy eating a Big Mac after being poked by golf balls, a met provoked in a supermarket by a whiff of male body spray, a food fight with ripe tomatoes colliding detergent, miniature dancer members, and a Canadian tourist ad cross-promoting a Toyota—a total of eight

commercial, followed by six trailers for upcoming movies. Finally the feature started, but after half an hour of exploding space-zaps, my eyeballs hurt. And people wonder why business is off at the movies?

As we approach the peak of the summer blockbuster season, the North American box office has entered its fifth month of the most prolonged attendance slump in two decades, down nine per cent from last year. It may seem an odd time to be baying at cinema. But after a spree of overpriced hits by theatre chains in the '90s, the competition is taking no rest. A few weeks ago on the U.S., AMC took over its big urban rival, Loews Cineplex. And recently Canada's own Cineplex Galaxy chain announced it was purchasing the rival Famous Players circuit from the U.S. giant Viacom. Once Cineplex Galaxy divides itself of 284 screens, as required by federal competition regulators, it will own one blockbuster chain of 1,278 screens. The company's CEO, Ellen Jacob, has called this takeover a "cultural coup" for Canada.

What a mistake. A Canadian-owned company gets a stranglehold over cinema monopolized by Hollywood movies, and that's a cultural coup? Maybe Jacob's talking about business and not, not culture matters. Besides, as an exhibitor, he likes to point out, "We set the table, we don't serve the steak."

Jacob suggests more screens would be available for Canadian films if they were more entertaining.

Well, that's a whole other issue. But why are Hollywood movies suffering? Jacob insists it's cyclical. While piracy and DVD sales may be taking a bite out of the box office, the slump "has more to do with the quality of the product. And word of mouth is much faster today. My daughter walks out of the theatre and she's not messaging—I saw a lousy movie" or "I saw a great movie."

This summer, great movies have been as hard to find as steak at the concession stand. But maybe food is the wrong metaphor for Hollywood. The Dream Factory workstations like an assembly line, with the multiplex serving as a car for running over used and reconditioned vehicles. Virtually every major release this season is a sequel, a prequel, a remake, a knock-off or a comic book franchise—from *Star Wars*, Episode III to *War of the Worlds*, from *The Longest Yard* to *Return to Rome*. The notable exception is *Kingdom of Heaven* and *Underworld*. But, two comic-drama that bombed—and seemed as out of place this time of year as *Formula One* races as a demolition derby.

Welcome to the Brave New World of the multiplex blockbuster. As Hollywood centralizes itself, every movie begins to look like



every other movie. And with *One* often unfairly, as if the industry has been overrun by the zombies and aliens it so anxiously dreads, the multiplex becomes the monoplex.

Everywhere you look, old vehicles are lurching back to life. Hollywood's summer inventory includes five souped-up versions of vintage TV comedies: *Remotely*, *The Hot Chick*, *The Dukes of Hazzard* and *Rebelde*. Fully Loaded. The Pucker-Up VW bug in Disney's *Herbie* could, in fact, serve as a puppy-fille mascot for the summer blockbuster—a rusty heap salvaged from the scrapyard, given a coat of paint and zero-fratid urban arsenal of special effects. It's the most innocuous example of hardware, and software, running amok on screen. The fighter jet in the upcoming *Stealth* is billed as a machine with "a mind of its own." It was inspired by the B-2 stealth bomber, which itself may have been influenced by the defective checkbones of Darth Vader—with fearful symmetry, the design imperatives of the spaces and the military come full circle. Then, of course, there's the Remotely, that evolving hybrid of automated rocket and smart car.

But even if that's reason the movies from their slump—*Remotely* began cost US\$150 million and grossed an unexpected \$75 million in its first five days. So new all eyes are on *War of the Worlds*. Can Tom Cruise save Hollywood? Doubt it. No matter how valiantly Cruise jumps into his show-conco, declaring his love for far-out-and-far-out *Star Wars*, he's not even an action hero in *War of the Worlds*. Just a scared American on the run. And he's upstaged by machine-mechanized scenes of aliens on tripod.

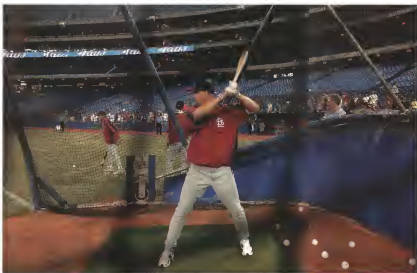
After *The Terminal*, his underwhelming tale of a European alien in a state airport, Spielberg has gone back to his sci-fi roots. But he's been invaded by E.T. and *Close Encounters* have grown up to be noisy and censorious. Spielberg has made a fallow shocker film designed for a post-9/11 America in which fear is a cultural reality. Summoning the spirit of H.G. Wells and *Orson Welles*, he tries to compare a more innocent age of mass hysteria. "The last war on Earth won't be named by horror," he says in the trailer. *Shadows of the Yellow Bird* and the *Red Sea*. The evening is always inhuman. They come from

beyond. No wonder George Romero (*Night of the Living Dead*) is back in business making zombie pictures—*Land of the Dead* is the first of a new trilogy.

But perhaps audiences are tired of being bombarded. Stringing a movie through these days is too much like being stuck in heavy traffic, following a plot that runs on autopilot. Maybe that's why people find fake news about the stars more engaging than the movies themselves. Cruise's coach-jumping bid for heterosexual respect is somehow more compelling than seeing him survive another apocalypse. The Russell Crowe movie we really want to see is the one where he clatters a hand worker with a phone. And with just the hottest bits of uncomfortable scenes, Brad and Angelina have become the hottest Hollywood couple since Dick and Lat. The bad they spent most of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* manhandling heavy artillery instead of each other.

Audiences crave human chemistry on screen. We have enough machines in our daily lives. *War of the Worlds* warns us, "They're already here." No kidding. Somewhere along the line, the main evolutionary act forms of the past century has been usurped by mass machines. By audibly parading the youth machine, and alienating older viewers, the studios and the theatre chains have turned commercial moviegoing into something profoundly asexual. Which helps explain the massive proliferation of film formula—movies are hungry to see more diverse films in more confined settings.

The gap between big budget movies and small indie films has never been wider. And the middle ground is vanishing. In their romance with reality, the studios seem to have forgotten that we like to be alone in the dark with actors who are just like us but funnier and cooler. Occasionally they get it right. The summer's dearest hit is the wedding *Crashers*, a sweet, smart, hilarious comedy with Vince Vaughn, Owen Wilson and a Canadian—Rachel McAdams. Cineplex Galaxy (Jacob expects it will gross over \$100 million). With the buoyancy of a box of popcorn, he misleads viewers are not abandoning theaters for DVDs. "I'm convinced it's just a product issue. If it isn't, we've taken a big risk with this acquisition. One movie can turn things around." Last year that was *The Passion of the Christ*. Hollywood is still waiting for the next smash. Seeing is believing. **F**



BIG-LEAGUE AWAKENING

Canada is fielding top talent, STEVE MAICH reports

FOR A LONG TIME, baseball players didn't like to play up the fact that they were Canadians. It was a cumbersome label, always used as part of a backhanded compliment. Like, "he's not bad... for a Canadian." That was a refrain confronting all of this country's early trailblazers—from James (Tip) O'Neill and George (Moon) Gibson right up to Hall of Fame pitcher Ferguson (Fergie) Jenkins.

Not anymore.

Twenty-Canadians cracked Major League Baseball rosters last year, the most since 1884, and by the end of this year that number could well be exceeded. More importantly, the Canadians playing in the big leagues today are not late-season call-ups or injury fill-ins. They're key contributors, scorers, and several rank among the game's emerging stars.

A sport traditionally dominated by Americans and Dominicans is becoming more international. Along with the powerhouse nations of South America, Cuba and Japan, Canada is finally carving out its own niche in the American pastime. But Elton has watched all this with no small amount of pride. A veteran baseball writer with the

Toronto Star, Elton has chronicled the rise of this country's baseball identity in his recently published book, *The Northern Game: Baseball the Canadian Way*. He's seen attitudes change drastically over the years, and he now believes a distinct Canadian culture has developed in the game. Players from north of the border are widely seen as unselfish, gritty hard workers. Perhaps the most naturally gifted, but never lazy. "It's a game for survivors, and we seem to have a knack for it," he says. "Now, when baseball people say 'he's like a Canadian,' it's a compliment."

And with players like Eric Gagne, Corey Kneiss, Jason Bay and Justin Morneau quickly establishing themselves as stars, the accolades are flowing more regularly. There's never been a more impressive lineup of

PICKS FOR THE ON-DECK CIRCLE

A prospective roster for Team Canada 2006 at the World Baseball Classic, to be held next March, likely in Japan, Puerto Rico and North America. Locations to be announced.



First base:
Justin Morneau

Second base:
Pete Orr

Shortstop:
Danny Klayton

Third base:
Corey Kneiss



Catcher:
Pete LaForest

Left field:
Jason Bay

Center field:
Adam Wainwright

Right field:
Larry Walker

Designated hitter:
Matt Stairs

Relief pitcher:
Jason Grain
Chris Reardon

Starting pitcher:
Paul Quantrill
Ryan Dempster

Relief pitcher:
Eric Gagne

Starting pitcher:
Jeff Francis

Walker is proud of the skilled players following in his trail-blazing footsteps.

Canada in the bigs, and when the inaugural World Baseball Classic begins next March, Canada's boys of summer will have their chance to show they can compete with the very best in the baseball world.

FOR THE MAJORITY most identified with Canadian baseball greatness, it's already been along summer. Larry Walker of Maple Ridge, B.C., is unquestionably the best outfielder Canada has ever produced. Hitter of accomplishments—a 1997 National League MVP award, five all-star game appearances, seven Gold Glove awards, 367 home runs and 1,000 hits—Walker is a batting average .314 over his career, to name a few—statistically all-star has placed among baseball's legends. But this season, his 16th and likely his last

in the majors, has been largely forgettable.

At the age of 38, Walker is now a member of the St. Louis Cardinals. His numbers are down and his body is aching. "It's a grind," he admitted recently, standing on the turf at Toronto's Rogers Centre, before he saw the Cards drop a game against the Toronto Blue Jays. "I've had eight surgeries and a reconstructive knee. Further time's cropping up on me and I realize that."

Still, when he thinks about representing his country against the world, he feels a tug. It's just beginning so down on him that he helped bring a goal in the game. His phenomenal success encouraged you to see more north of the 49th parallel, and proved to many promising young Canadians that baseball is a viable option for the

'A LITTLE REDNECK'

DANYLO HAWALESKA finds Canadians flocking to the NASCAR circuit



IT ISN'T EVEN NOON yet on a blisteringly hot Sunday, but the odds are pretty good the shardless guy hanging on for dear life behind the wheel of his Jeep 4x4 isn't sober. Then add to that the fact that he's at the Pocono Raceway in Long Pond, Pa., is, after all, known for the partying. That's saying something when it comes to NASCAR and the 150,000 fans who arrived for June's Pocono 500. "All right!" someone yells, as the Jeep's outcast tires kick up a rooster tail of dirt. Straining to make himself heard above the racket, Markie Chambers from East Julia, N.B.—one of Cooch Light's in-band—watches some what glossy-eyed and smiles as debris scatters. "Better stay back," Chambers warns a spectator. "You got rocks flying sometimes."

Chambers is tall, extensively tattooed and sports a full-blown Pit Marsha monochrome. He looks every bit the Harley-driving biker that he is. For this trip, though, he left his hog behind and made the 12-hour flight to the track aboard his 1976 Winch. "It's the love shack," he calls it. It's comparison, Rodin's Robby Gibson, is wearing a large green bikini top and a short, punkish Chambers, 46, and Gibson, "let's say 36," arrived at their infidel room at 3 a.m. With the start of the race less than 12 hours away, there didn't seem much point in sleeping. Up went their Canadian flag. It would be "awesome" if NASCAR came to Canada, Chambers says. "I mean those guys take our hockey players, right? Why not bring the racing to us?"

A lot of Canadian NASCAR fans have the same thing on their minds, wondering when the continent's premier stock-car races will head north. It will happen. It has to take they say when a nice car's running well. "That dog can't run." Because right now NASCAR, fling on all cylinders, wants to grow the Canadian market. Landing a World Cup



At the Pocono 500 (left) O'Neil, the Wrights take in the scene (right) drivers signing autographs for their fans (far left)

event, NASCAR's premier series, is a long shot. But the Beach Series, the No. 2 circuit in the U.S., is looking a lot more promising.

NASCAR oversees three national series: World, Beach and another called Craftsman, for trucks. In March, Beach staged a race in Mexico City, the first NASCAR sanctioned event outside the United States that counted toward its driver championship. "I don't know why the hell we don't race in Canada," says Rusty Wallace, the veteran No. 1 Miller Lite Dodge. "We're already at Michigan International Speedway."

So, in Canada by when? "Oh boy," sighs Robbie Weiss, NASCAR's Los Angeles-based managing director of international operations. "Hard to say. You'd like to think by 2007." Where? There are several options across the country, says Weiss, from existing tracks to temporary road courses. NASCAR's Nextel Cup calendar is packed, though, and Canada's window of opportunity, because of the weather, is tight: only June, July and August. (Unlike Formula One, NASCAR doesn't race in the rain.) And while no deal has been signed, a Canadian race in 2006 is still a possibility. Look at what happened with Beach in Mexico, says Weiss. "At this point last year, we didn't even have an agreement," he says. "Things can move quickly."

THE NATIONAL Association for Stock Car Auto Racing—NASCAR—will itself be the fastest growing sport in North America. It's the No. 1 spectator drive in the U.S., often pulling in bigger crowds than championship games of football, basketball and baseball combined. More than 500 companies have sponsorships in NASCAR than in any other sport. In U.S. fan base stands at 71 million—one third of all adults. Between 1995 and 2004, the number of televised events climbed 404 per cent. Sales of NASCAR licensed merchandise have increased 250 per cent in the past decade, totaling \$582.1 billion in 2004. A NASCAR event can add US\$20 million to a regional economy. Each week, the races are broadcast in 23 languages in more than 130 countries.

In Canada, NASCAR's No. 1 series is most popular. This year's Daytona 500, the Super Bowl of stock car racing, drew an average of 306,000 viewers per minute on The Sports Network, more than double the 240,000 who watched when TSN last televised the contest two years ago. According



to the polling firm Ipsos Insight, Canada has 5.8 million NASCAR fans—one in four adults. The race between drivers, on average, eight times a week. Following the season in print, on TV or on the Internet. One quarter of these have attended a race. And viewers love the demographic: one third of fans are in the coveted 18 to 34 age category—young spenders with disposable income. It is a sign that NASCAR is taking

ON THE packed track, a faster driver will give a slowpoke the 'chrome horn' and push him out of the way

Canada seriously. It pulled up with TSN last year to form NASCAR Canada. In June, the joint marketing venture began to roll out NASCAR-branded merchandise—T-shirts, sweatshirts, hats, jerseys, backpacks, lunch bags and bedding—in Mark's Work Warehouse and across Canadian Tire stores.

NASCAR North Cup runs 16 races at 22 tracks over 18 months. The Pocono raceway, in the mountains of the same name in northeastern Pennsylvania, hosts two events each year, in June and July but there has been talk for years of moving one of

those races from Pocono's 2.5-mile triangular track, possibly to St. John's Island, N.Y. That destination doesn't exist until North America Motorsports, co-owner of the No. 49 Schwan's House Service Dodge driven by Ken Schrader. "I'd rather go to Canada," the sign "Staten Island is a homegrown place to get traffic in and out."

Whatever happens with Pocono, legendary car owner Jack Roush is optimistic. Canada will give NASCAR racing "I've certainly expressed my support for it over several years," said Roush, who last June had three Cup drivers sitting in the top five in the points standings. "It's not imminent, but there's a real opportunity."

NEXTEL CUP racing lap equipment to the track at "bushes," overtook some trucks just packed with two race cars, open engines, transmissions and all sorts of other gear. On the Friday before the Pocono 500, driver James McMurray gives himself down hourly on the leather couch in his trailer. The air conditioning blows cold enough to hang sweat McMurray, the 29-year-old driver of the No. 42 Tim's Hardware Dodge, drives in both NASCAR and Beach series races. He runs in Mexico. "The one thing that I hear everyone saying about Canada is how beautiful the women are," jokes the NASCAR native. "I'm all for seeing these"

Wisconsin girls. McMurray says NASCAR needs to expand its audience. "If it were up to me," he says, "we would never go to the same track twice."

NO MATTER how often NASCAR says the sport is about family, race weekends and sports to be more about huge public displays of drunkenness. And so what if that's what NASCAR wants. NASCAR driver No. 21 Brad Keselowski, a former professional golfer, is the best role model among athletes. The fact is, there's a lot of stories about fans who get loaded, pass out and miss the race. It's particularly ready at big tracks with infield camping. The moonshiners and pot-pot-pot-pot and the drinking and sunbathing don't let up until after the checkered flag drops. The saving grace the fans are really thriving. It's just the of the appeal. For some, anyway.

Take Bruce Wright and his wife, Gail, from Oshawa, Ont., sitting atop their 37-foot motorhome up against the fence at Turn 1. They're eyeing only winning a preliminary race, they have it on satellite TV. No. 66, 60, recalls a time she ran out of hot dog food. "I drove poleward, somebody came up a package of ham," she says. "There's just no delicious here." Bruce, 61, who has tractor-trailer part-time, adds in agree-



A fan reaches for a driver's autograph. Housley enjoys the Pocono atmosphere.

ment as a cold bottle of Moosehead beer at his feet. But he realizes why NASCAR may not be for everyone. "In Canada," he says, "we'd call ourselves a little redneck." "No drive home, but point, he nods subtly toward the motorhome parked beside him, where a woman of Cuban-puerto Rican descent is a one-piece bathing suit watching the race. "Last night," he says, "we sang his voice," "we had a little fire, but next door."

That's NASCAR for you. Friendly, and a little off-color. A place Canadians find well liked, even if we didn't fight in "Eye-raq." Holding a placard, one listening with something pink and powerful, George Housley, a middle-aged who's driven down from Stirling, Ont., near Belleville, says he loves the atmosphere. "One can give a chance if you're Canadian American," says Housley, throwing a beer-like lamb around his unsteady friend's head. "We all like each other here."

But for all the jollying, it's hard not to notice a lack of visible minorities at the track. Maybe NASCAR's not ready to let the life away from them. Maybe it's the Stars and Bars, the Confederate flag that blazes NASCAR's colors, testament to stock car racing's long southern roots. Pretty much the only African American driver in Pocono were two NASCAR officials and the guy who handed out paper towels in the infield. In a recent television interview on Fox, driver Dale Earnhardt Jr., NASCAR's biggest star, was asked to say something about himself that people don't know. "That I don't like the way people use racial slurs around me," replied Junior, the 30-year-old driver of the No. 14 Budweiser Chevrolet. "That's some thing a lot of people don't know."

IN FORMULA ONE, Europe's elite, open-wheel racing series, one or two drivers typically have a chance to win. In NASCAR, one of 13 drivers can win. The cars are packed together, with frequent lead changes. It's aggressive. Chances are good a driver will give you the "chrome horn" and push you out of the way if you're holding him

up. Personality. At the front ends, that's hard racing, free of fiasco like the recent one at Indianapolis Motor Speedway, where 14 out of 30 Formula One cars withdrew just before the start of a race because of safety concerns over their tires.

The 2005 Pocono 500, it turns out, is hard on the tires. By day's end, an astonishing 11 cars will have had 22 tires go down. A bad day for Goodyear. On lap 37, for instance, Junior radios in that he has a flat left-front tire. His pit crew replaces it. A few laps later he pulls in again—the same left-front wheel is on fire. And another flat the driver compartment as a crew member douses the flames. Earnhardt's crew chief radios his driver: "Just make sure you're still breathing in there."

Kyle Busch, the driver of the No. 5 Mobil 1 Chevrolet, has a remarkable day. Busch, who's 20, breaks 16, started the race in 30th place. By lap 148, when he pits for tires, he's third. He leaves the pits in fourth and goes to 10th, as they say, drive it like you want it. Lap 169 and he's pits again, this time for left-side tires only. From there, change: Murray Truitt from Northport, Ont., asks over the pit wall, are gas in hand? Two lap runs off, worn rubber removed, new fresh wheel on, lugs tightened. At Northport, he drops the front of the vehicle, the jack man drops the car. It takes off in a puff of white smoke, grazing Truitt's leg. At NASCAR red-lines it through the gears and back into the fray circling the track.

Uncharacteristically, the finish is somewhat anticlimactic. A late crash forces the field to end the race and caution—the cars finish in order and reduced to a crawl. The winner at Carl Edwards, back on the air an impressive fourth, a great run. After the race, Truitt is a pit bull, his dangerous breath work. Busch's friend a distance memory. "I worked out perfect—10 to 20 again," he says, adding, "These drivers are so good, they don't actually run you out."

THE BIG SHOW will continue to attract Canadians to U.S. tracks, fans like Lynne Carrine, 39. She's dedicated a wall in her home in Guelph, Ont., to NASCAR merchandise—stickers, posters and "an authentic Dale Jr. race clock right in the middle." Carrine loves the racing just before the race starts. "I guess you do it all over life, I'm telling you," she says. "We're looking forward to the day NASCAR comes to Canada—very much." ■



THIS EMPRESS STILL RULES

Being one of her crew was a steam-locomotive lover's dream come true

WE ARE IN THE CPR Port Couillard yard and the sun is just beginning to come up. The *Empress*, steam locomotive 2816, is sitting, her maroon-and-black boiler gleaming in the morning light. I can see the shimmer of steam rising from her cylinders as we, her crew, get her ready to start the long trip to Montreal. A train of precisely hatched business cars, steel-and-brass-nailed seating platforms buffed and polished, stretches out behind. All of the work we carried out in the previous week will be put to the test over the next 18 days.

I've had a passion for steam locomotives since my grandfather, a locomotive engineer

in Sudbury, Ont., hoisted me into the cab of one before I was tall enough to reach the firebox door. Some 47 years later, I'm a child and youth care worker at Calgary's Lord Dufferin High School. But every chance I get, I work on old steamers. Many who share this passion know one another. So when the chance came for me to be part of the crew for a one-of-a-kind steam excursion on the CPR mainline from Vancouver to Montreal in May 2004, I took a leave of absence to live out the dream of a lifetime: travelling with an *Empress*.

She bicks slowly into downtown Vancouver where, accompanied by the sound of bagpipes, our passengers wait on the platform. They board, find their seats, and with two blasts of the steam whistle, we're off. The *Empress* moves slowly at first, but the speed soon increases, and she settles into that comforting rocking motion.

I am one of four special recruits who, alongside other CPR staff, will keep the *Empress* operating in top form on this trip. My job entails washing the boiler and performing maintenance and repair. But on the sixth day out, I have an experience I won't soon forget. Shortly after leaving Calgary, Jim Bogdan, our fireman, asks if I want to ride "Oxmoor." I reply, grateful for the rare privilege. The fireman's job is to keep the boiler topped up with water and the fire in the firebox hot, so that optimum steam pressure is maintained. As the engine uses power, the pressure drops; it's a delicate dance.

"If that needle drops to 25 lb you'll be out

of there!" calls Bill Steier, our engineer. He is demanding—as he should be—and wants to make sure I keep a close eye on the steam gauge. I check the fire, increase the steam, back off a nick on the oil valve. The gauge is going up. Check the glass. More water. Turn up the pump. I'm ready for now—Bill is taking me to the next level. Then, as a slight descent begins, I realize a mistake, cutting off on the fire. The water increases in the glass and the boiler pressure drops. "Cut back on the pump!" Bill shouts. "Get on



the oil! Add some blower and assist!"

The boiler responds and the pressure climbs. Why to go, *Empress*? We run most of the next stretch at track speed, anywhere from 25 to 55 mph. At the higher speeds, it's quite a thrill to feel the swiftness of the locomotive and the wind from the open windows. It's a relief from the intense heat of the fire. A few miles out of Medicine Hat, Alta., Jim tells me to prepare for the long downhill run into the station. I finish the day exhausted—and elated.

It must have really been something to see 1930s-era steamers, then the heights of speed

and luxury, ruled the rails. Just, cross-country travel for the elite, surrounded by velvet and oak paneling, served the best foods and wines. The mathematics used in making the *Empress* were calculated with paper and pen, her parts machined individually from cast iron and steel. Opportunities to revisit those times are rare. Passages on the excursion is pricey—up to \$24,000 per person—ensuring only the richest train buffs can afford to relive the route made famous in songs and stories of the past, across high bridges and spectacular mountain passes and through roaring canyons and tunnels carved from solid granite. Still, for fleeting moments, a glimpse of history is free to anyone with a moment to stop and stare as the *Empress* chunder by. And many do, including small children who stop and point, mouths open in disbelief.

The *Empress* is particularly welcome in old railway towns. Driven of people grace our last afternoon arrival at the station in Smiths Falls, Ont., outside Ottawa. There is a touching moment when Bernie, a retired locomotive engineer, comes into the cab with a special gift for Bill—his engineer's watch and a time ticket from 1951 when he worked *Empress* on this very locomotive.

This is the last evening our crew is together. The next day, the train glides into Montreal's Windsor Station with two long blasts of the whistle and her bell ringing. I think about what an incredible journey it has been—and how it gave me only a glimpse of Canada's incredible vastness. I find myself thinking about people from the past, the ones who operated the trains and built the railway against incredible odds. They had grit and vision. I feel honored to have been part of such a historic trip with the *Empress*.

Don Totten lives in Calgary with his wife, Susan, and their four children. He can be reached at don@donmaclean.ca.

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ROGERS
Your World Right Now

Art | Confessions of a serious cartoonist

WINNING TO ART SIGNED: Seth, the award-winning graphic novelist, wants to challenge you with his new exhibition—opening this week at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto. “I’m not expecting anyone to say I’m a genius,” laughs the 37-year-old from Guelph, Ont. “All I’m hoping for most is that people will be surprised to see my art in this context. I want to make people look closer. There’s been a long history of artists playing around with cartoon imagery in one way or another, and I want to see this in a serious exhibition and have my work be legitimized as self-expression.”

Present: *Three Self-portraits* (see Oct. 30). Includes about 40 pages of original ink drawings from his popular series, *Cyber Fans*, a few sketchbooks and a calendar.



“I will probably” is a phrase you’ll find in Seth’s comic books.

He gets about displaying his work in a major gallery, says Seth. “All I was thinking about back then was Spider-Man. And even when I started doing this as an adult, it didn’t seem likely there would ever be any real museum recognition.” But that has now become a reality. Seth’s work has become one of the hottest genres in the market. And that’s why the AGO is looking at Seth to be a major draw this summer. Rather than its commitment, the gallery purchased much more of the artist’s large-scale originals—and will be adding it to its permanent collection. “I’ve asked where he thinks it might hang, Seth is quick to make a joke: ‘I’ll probably end up in a backroom covered in dirt,’” he says. “And you’ll have to make a special request if you want to see it.”

JOHN INTINI



Randy Bachman | Spins some memories

Randy Bachman has the same rock ‘n’ roll heroics as everyone else from his generation—only he got to meet his idols. This summer, on his new CBC radio show, *Randy Bachman’s Vinyl Top* (starting July 2), he’ll play his old 45s and tell tales from the road. Recently, Bachman, 65, who lives on Salt Spring Island, B.C., shared some stories with *Maclean’s* Senior Editor Shanda Dwyer.

ON THE BEACH BOYS

I wrote *King of the Summer Slide* with Carl Wilson, when I was touring with the Beach Boys. It was Brian’s first four-track effort. To see him so damaged was sad, he couldn’t function, play or sing.

ON THE BEACH BOYS

When I saw Elvis on TV it made me want to play guitar. I loved my song, *Takin’ Care of Business*, so his logo fits on his tombstone. I heard that he told the story—they were driving to the L.A. airport and he heard it on the radio and she told him to be by some Canadian band. And he said, “I love that song, it will be my motif.”

ON THE BEACH BOYS

He played piano on the *Bachman-Turner Overdrive* song *Takin’ Care of Business*. We recorded his part in Los Angeles in ‘75, he was wearing an orange cape and a silver “R” on his chest. He comes on dressed the part—like the king of rock ‘n’ roll.

MACLEAN’S 100 | TOP 10

The greatest albums you’ve (probably) never heard

Alan Gross is a walking encyclopedia of music. So we asked the host of the popular syndicated radio show, *The Poppy History of New Music*, to list what he thinks are the most underrated Canadian albums of all time.

1. *Twelve Men and a Boy*
2. *Cherry Red* by *Simple Sauter*
3. *Massachusetts* by *New Free Press*
4. *Talk a Cheap* by *Drinks*
5. *In Love with the System* by *Puffin*
6. *Shakespeare in the Park* by *The Law*
7. *Black Rock* by *RM*
8. *Oh, I Mother Earth*
9. *Love Junk* by *Parade of Happiness*
10. *Stadium* by *Stadium*



Simple Sauter should have been huge

Top 10s during Maclean’s 100th



Theresa Sokyrka finishes John Intini’s sentences

Theresa Sokyrka lost out to *Karen Parker* last year, but she hasn’t forgotten about the *Like Love* look-alike from Saskatoon. In the jazzed-up singer has already sold more than 50,000 copies of her debut CD, *We’re Old* (Columbia), since releasing it in April. Sokyrka, 24, recently finished *Maclean’s* Associate Editor John Intini’s sentences.

IN MY BEDROOM, I WANTED TO
 TO GO TO THE
Maclean’s 100 song album
Girl and Like a Prayer wearing
 cherry 70s T-shirts and using a bottle
 of hairspray as a microphone.

IN MY POCKET RIGHT NOW, I AM
 I always keep a really smooth stone
 with me. I found this one under a tree in

Myra Park, Ont. It’s not for luck, I just
 like giving it a rub when I’m stressed.
 I AM ALWAYS CONFUSED by people who
 don’t smile. I’ve been conducting an
 experiment lately, smiling at everyone
 and strange. Most people respond, but
 I’ve noticed by those who don’t.
 MY FAVORITE MEMBER OF *New
 Kids on the Block* was *Boy McBoyz*.
 I was the sweet-boy type, I nearly fell
 over while watching *TV* a couple of
 weeks ago when I saw him on *Smoking
 with the Stars*. He’s still got it.
 I NEVER CONSIDER WEARING a
 hat like *THE* 90s rock. There’s nothing
 holding it up.

FOR MORE JOHN INTINI’S SENTENCES
 VISIT WWW.MACLEANS.COM/PEOPLE

Books | Language and modern thought

Books about the way we speak and write have lately become a growth sector in publishing. It would seem that the pundits who have always been upset by misplaced apostrophes now have an agenda: to change the way we speak. But there’s more to play than grammatical purity or no aspect of the language’s evolution but the speed of the marketplace and political arena—as its automation in print. Most words and phrases are now in print but at the same time, a permanent American author and artist, has a new book doing so. But an understanding of how this book has come to be is what the speech of change. Both in the future for us all. *Maclean’s* is not waiting to get up, though. It’s not a philosophy of the words, and phrases he writes the book—what a place for readers to send us letters to the editor.

SENTENCES
 Don McVie
 Penguin
 \$20

Best Sellers

Fiction	LAST WEEK
1. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
2. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
3. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
4. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
5. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
6. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
7. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
8. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
9. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
10. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2

Non-fiction

Non-fiction	LAST WEEK
1. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
2. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
3. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
4. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
5. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
6. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
7. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
8. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
9. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2
10. <i>THE HUNTER</i> by <i>Stephen King</i> (D)	2

1. *Maclean’s* 100th
 2. *Maclean’s* 100th



STOP GIVING COWS MONEY

It's part of Tony Blair's solution to what ails the EU. He's got a point.

READERS OF BILD, Germany's largest-circulation newspaper, were treated last Wednesday to a familiar sight on page one: a half-naked woman. I am prone to understand that the details hardly matter in this sort of story, but in this case the lady in question was Susanne Bihlmann, a famous model who has come out of early retirement to make some money for her washed-up pop star husband, Warner Bihlmann. "In order to save him I would give my shirtless," she says in the brief (and accompanying) text. And indeed, the photo suggested that particular operation was well under way.

So that's page one. On page two was a piece by Tony Blair about European Union agricultural policy. When this guy takes a fight to the people, he takes it to the people.

This article, in a newspaper that sells almost four million copies a day, appeared only five days after a summit of EU heads of government collapsed in bitter mutual denigration. The Prime Minister of Great Britain is an another company, probably the last big fight of his career. He is in no mood to waste time. He is in his element, and his glory.

His goal is to radically reform the 25-member European Union. Its odds of succeeding are not great, though they improved every day last week. And it is only a ceremonial streak of personalities and timing that launched him into this battle in the first place.

The timing, not just the rejection of the new European constitution, in referendum in France on May 29 and the Netherlands three days later, but also the consensus crushing German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder has taken in regional elections. Schröder will probably not be chancellor just the autumn. Meanwhile, the 10-month presidency of the EU is Blair's as of July 1.

The personalities. France's president, Jacques Chirac, wounded and deeply embarrassed by his referendum loss. And Schröder, who was re-elected in 2002 by running against George W. Bush, and must



have been looking around for somebody else to run against this time.

Both men needed a scapegoat. They settled on Blair: big mistake.

Schröder and Chirac decided to turn a regular EU summit in Brussels into a post-referendum crisis session and a debate on a new budget, even though none is needed before 2007. Chirac found a handy distraction: he demanded that Blair give up annual rebate on payments to the EU that Margaret Thatcher won 20 years ago, because Britain benefits less than other member states from farm subsidies.

Stick it to the Brits. World's every time. But Blair turned the tables on his weakened foe. Give back Britain's farm subsidy rebate? No, he said, give up the farm subsidies.

That's what led to the collapse of the Brussels meeting. Blair put his rebate, honestly negotiated and worth about \$2 billion a year these days, on the table and demanded

that his neighbours do the same with their perks. They refused. Dealbroke.

Wellington Europe, I've enjoyed the bantering in some of the papers about Blair's overconfidence. Wolfgang Münchow in the *Frankfurter Times* said Blair had blown his chance to be a real European leader "in exchange for a paltry 2.5 billion [euros] a year and a few cheers from the tabloid press."

Münchow's logic here is the very logic European voters so soundly reject every time they get a choice: what matters is the deal. The quality of the deal doesn't matter. Even Münchow agreed the farm subsidies are senseless. They are a drag on Europe's competitive economy. They kill hope for farmers in the developing world.

Everyone knows this. Only Blair will say it. That article in *Bild* was a direct shot at Schröder's wrong base. (His headline: "EU money for jobs, not cows.") And in one of the finest speeches he has ever delivered, Blair went right on to the heart's den of the European Parliament at Brussels and told the sleepy assembly the old ways are over.

"Some have suggested I want to abandon Europe's social model," he said. "But tell me: what type of social model is it that has 20 million unemployed in Europe? Productivity rates falling behind those of the U.S.A.? That is allowing more science graduates to be produced by India than by Europe? And that, on any relative index of a modern economy—skills, & D, patents, IT—is going down, not up?"

Blair's solution: stop giving every cow in Europe two euros a day, feed schools and labs and training programs instead. In the eyes of Europe, yesterday's sins are furious. Not periphery—Sweden and Slovakia, where I was last week—many more are intrigued. "The people of Europe are speaking to us," Blair said in Brussels. "They are posing the questions. They are wanting our leadership. It is time we give it to them."

To comment: backpage@comcast.net
Send Paul Wells a writing, "Inches Wells," at www.backpage.com/pwells

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